WHITE LILIES FROM THE KING'S GARDEN

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.
BV4832
Chap. Copyright No.
Shelf .S43
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

WHITE LILIES

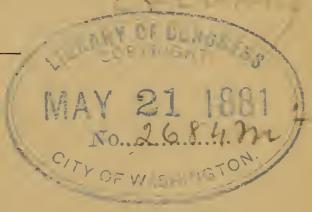
FROM THE

KING'S GARDEN,

GATHERED BY

BEULAH.

Miss Georgia Hardwick



ALBANY, N. Y.:
BURDICK & TAYLOR, PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS, 481 BROADWAY.
1881.

BV4832
S43

THE LIBRARY
OF CONGRESS
WASHINGTON

Copyrighted, 1881, by BURDICK & TAYLOR, Albany, N. Y.

PREFACE.

Pure thoughts are like white lilies. White lilies are modest, unassuming little flowers, often hidden from sight by their more pretentious neighbors, but much sought after by all who love the beautiful in nature; their presence may always be detected by their fragrance.

Thoughts of purity are like them; sweet, and modest, and beautiful, they grow only in the garden of the Lord. He plants them, His hand alone tends them, He causes the Sun of Righteousness to shine upon them, and waters them with showers of blessing; then His children gather them, and rejoice in their beauty and fragrance. He has given me, one of His little ones, the privilege of gathering some of them, and now, after binding them together with many prayers, I send them out, hoping that some who live outside the King's garden may find them pleasant, and be induced to come in and gather for themselves. God grant it.

BEULAH.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Experience	7
The Soul's Cry	35
Jesus Only	37
The Lord's Lilies	41
The Image of the Heavenly	45
The Lord's Everlastings	49
The Children's Saviour	53
Who Will Save Him?	55
In the Sunshine	62
We Would See Jesus	66
How to be Strong	69
Don't Try to Lower the Standard	73
My Dream	78
Rest	84
Must and May	90
Praise Him	92
A Baptism of Love	98

VOICES..... 102
IN A STRAIT BETWIXT TWO..... 108
ON WHOM DO YOU WAIT?..... 111
JESUS DID IT ALL..... 117
TAUGHT OF GOD..... 119
HALF AND HALF..... 124
SOMETHING BETTER..... 132
HOW THE MESSAGE CAME..... 140
WORDS THAT BURN..... 143
DELIVERANCE..... 152
GOD'S WORD..... 161
THE WHITE STONE..... 166
THE DIVINE ANOINTING..... 170
SOUL MUSIC..... 176

EXPERIENCE.

"I am come unto the country which the Lord sware unto our fathers for to give us."

"He hath brought us unto this place, and hath given us this land, even a land that floweth with milk and honey."

"And now, behold I have brought the first fruits of the land, which thou, O Lord, hast given me."

MY friends have asked me to begin this little volume by relating my own experience. I suppose they mean that they want me to tell how I found my way into the land of Beulah, what kind of a country I find it to be, and how I enjoy living here; and this I gladly do. If through any worthiness of my own I had come into possession of this goodly heritage, I think I should say nothing about it. I do not believe in such boasting. But because the dear Lord, who is pitiful, and long-suffering, and most wonderfully kind, and who knew just how helpless, and sinful, and undeserving I was, loved me notwithstanding all,

and gave me deliverance from the hard bondage of sin, and a dwelling place in this, "heaven's border land," I delight in serving Him; and, because I know He longs to do the same for all who are not free in Christ Jesus, but are willing to be set at liberty, I take great pleasure in telling the story of my deliverance. "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul."

When a little girl, I gave my heart to Jesus. Our pastor held a number of children's meetings, some of my school-mates attended, and were converted, and then they persuaded me to go with them. Thank God for children's meetings; I am glad their number is increasing. I went with my friends because I believed they were really converted. I had a good opportunity for watching them, for I was with them every day at school, and noted all their words and actions critically, because I thought if I could only prove to my own satisfaction, that they were no better than I, why, then I would have good excuse for not listening to the voice of the Holy Spirit, which

was constantly urging me to make my peace with God. But I saw that my school-mates, though they did wrong sometimes, were possessed of something of which I was entirely ignorant.

I noted it in their faces as we sang the hymn at the opening of school, and at numberless other times, and it gave me a lonely feeling, as if there was a great gulf between my companions and myself, and then I began to think how far I was from God, and to long to get near Him, and wish I knew the way.

I had been shown the way time without number, and yet I knew not how to find it. I was glad, therefore, when my friends invited me to go to the meeting with them, for I did not like to propose it myself. I remember just how our aged pastor laid his hand on my shoulder, and told me he was glad I had come. I remember how simple his explanation of Bible truth, and how child-like his prayer, and O, how I longed to become a Christian.

But it was not until I reached home that I received the pardon of my sins. Then, while

alone in my room, after yielding all to God, the thought came to me that God had said, if I gave myself to Him, He would receive and save me. Then, I thought, as I have given myself to Him, it must be that He saves me, according to His word, and instantly I received the witness that He did accept me as His child, and although the enemy has tried to rob me of peace in almost every other way, he has never tried to persuade me that I was not converted at that time. The evidence was so clear there was no room for the shadow of a doubt.

I shall never forget the joy that filled my soul at that time. Why, it even glorified my surroundings, and I thought I had never seen such sunshine as I saw the next morning, and the trees and flowers looked O, *so* beautiful, and my soul was just full of gladness.

Then the first prayer-meeting I attended! I had attended very few in my life-time, previous to my conversion, and *surely* I had *never* attended such a wonderful one as that. Whenever the name of God was spoken, my glad heart would

respond, He is my Father; and when they spoke of heaven, I smiled to think it was my home. I have reason to think that some considered it rather a dull meeting, but to me it was very precious, for I met the dear Savior there, and His presence makes even desert places rejoice.

One blessed feature of my experience was the freedom I had from the fear of death which, previous to this time, had always haunted me. This was now taken completely away. God had delivered my soul from death, and I could not worry about the death of the body. In fact my cup of blessing seemed so full that I suppose I should have been willing to tabernacle right there, but my Father had better things for me even than this, so He did not suffer me to abide there.

In those days there was but one thing that troubled me; that was my propensity for sinning against God, and it began to worry me the very first day after my conversion; not seriously at first, but as the days went by my trouble in regard to it increased. I do not mean that I became more sinful as the days went by, but as I received

more light, and my love for my Savior became more and more intense, I could not bear to grieve Him, and yet it seemed as if I could not help sinning sometimes. I was delivered from the guilt, but not from the power of sin.

I wondered if everybody was troubled as I was. I spoke to the other girls about it, and they all had the same difficulty. I listened eagerly to the testimonies of older Christians. I heard them say they often went astray, and made crooked paths. I heard them sing "Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it." They said it was their experience: I knew it was mine; I did not want it to be; I hated this propensity to sin; I hated myself for having it, but I did not cry to God to deliver me from it, for I had been taught that deliverance came only at death. Then I began to long for death, for *any thing* that would bring deliverance.

In those days I knew that I enjoyed the favor of God; He gave me wonderful answers to prayer; He kindly used me to bring others to Him; and the more blessings He showered upon

me, the more intense became my sorrow at grieving Him, and yet it seemed that when I would do good, evil was present with me.

Thus the years went by. I was satisfied with my Saviour, but more and more thoroughly disgusted with myself, because I would keep sinning and repenting. Sometimes for weeks I would have no uneasiness on the subject, and then again my soul would rebel against such bondage, especially if in my Bible readings I came to such passages as this: "He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings." I knew my goings were not established in His ways, or I would not step aside as often as I did, and then I would wonder again if it were possible for one to be so established that his footsteps would not slip. I have heard people say they had their "ups and downs" in their religious life. If by this they meant that they had times of victory and times of defeat, times of trusting and times of doubting, seasons of blessed soul rest, and seasons of weary unrest, I must confess to

the same experience. O, why did no one tell me that God had provided a better experience than this for His children?

God is good to His own, and He planned a way of deliverance for me. It must have been about two years from the time I united with the Church, and nearly six from the time of my conversion, that our pastor and a number of our Church people attended a National camp-meeting, and when they returned, they told me of such wonderful baptisms of love and power received there, that I was astonished, and listened to their words with almost breathless interest. I had seen people wonderfully baptized of God before this, had received some rich anointings myself, but what puzzled me in this case was the fact that the anointing seemed to abide with them: they were always happy, and strong, and ready for service.

When they spoke in meeting, their words, though simple, had a mysterious power about them, making their hearers feel that they surely had an unction from the Holy One. As I listened,

all my longings that I had resolutely tried to put away, revived in all their force. I wanted to know how to obtain the experience these people were talking about. I longed to ask them about it, but as I was not intimately acquainted with any of them, I did not feel free to do so.

I heard them call the blessing they had received, Christian perfection. I asked some of my friends what was meant by this term, and was given to understand that it was a blessing professed by some persons who made themselves equal with God, by claiming that it was impossible for them to sin, and that they also claimed to be so good that they were lifted above trials and temptations, so that they did not feel them at all, and I was warned to keep away from all such fanatics.

I was very sure I did not want to get where I would think myself equal with God, neither did I want to become so hardened that I should be indifferent to trials and temptations, for in that case I should have no feeling at all, and if this was what these people professed, I wanted noth-

ing to do with them, but certainly they did not talk so.

I took such delight in their simple, humble expressions of confidence in God, and stories of His wonderful saving and keeping power, that when I entered the prayer-room I would count how many of them were present, and become impatient when others spoke or prayed. I wanted these to have all the time. After all of them had taken part in the meeting, I would give a little sigh, and settling back in my seat, would lose all interest in the rest of the meeting. This, of course, was wrong, but then my heart was wrong. I have heard it said that if we knew God had sanctified our souls, we should keep silence about it, lest we should appear to be boasting. I have great reason to praise God that these people thought it good to tell how gloriously He saved them; if they had not, I cannot tell what would have become of me.

I determined to have this experience at all hazards. I knew I could not live much longer as I was then living. I was afraid I should back-

slide. I did not want to, and yet it seemed as if I must. I cried mightily to God for help, and determined to try and live one day without doing, or saying, or even thinking any thing wrong. I thought if I exercised enough will-power, and asked God to help me, I *must* succeed, and then if I could keep right one day, I would try another, and, perhaps, I could live so *every* day.

After trying many times, I succeeded by much anxiety, and prayer, and watchfulness, in accomplishing my purpose; at least I thought I did. I felt wonderfully elated at my success. I thought I and God had done great things. I would not have told it in that way, but I see now that was the way I felt about it. I was greatly encouraged, and thought I would try another day. After slipping many, many times, I again succeeded. But these days of what I called success were not days of blessed restfulness; on the contrary, they were days of unrest, of constant fear lest I should fall. I had little time to think of helping others; it took all my time to watch myself, and I had to struggle constantly to keep self

in subjection. Yet I cared not how severe the struggle, if only I could please Him who died for me.

I determined to try and live in this way a whole week. The last day of my week was the Sabbath, and I commenced it with a glad heart, for I now felt sure I had found a way to live right, but alas for my hopes, I had fallen before time for the morning service.

My soul was like a fort, surrounded by enemies who were seeking to capture it, but were kept out by the trusty soldier who would *never* have suffered them to enter, only that there were traitors within, who were constantly on the alert to help the foes outside. God was showing me that it was not help to keep these traitors in subjection that I needed, but deliverance from them.

After the failure I have last recorded, I made up my mind that it was presumption for me to think that God would give one as young as I was, the rich experience enjoyed by those who were older in years and in religious life. I determined to struggle in this way no longer. I would serve

God the best I knew how: I would work for Him, and strive to please Him in every way, but I would give up seeking this experience of rest from inbred sin; not because I wanted to, but because I thought I must.

This was at the close of the year eighteen hundred and seventy-one, the winter following the camp-meeting of which I have spoken. The last day of the year was the Sabbath. I made up my mind to get just as much help and joy that day as possible. As I took my seat in Church in the morning, I noticed an old gentleman, whom I had never seen before, seated with our pastor. I hoped he would not preach, for I felt I needed one of the good, helpful sermons I was in the habit of hearing on Sunday morning. However, our pastor introduced him as the Rev. Seymour Coleman, and said he had promised to preach for us.

And he did preach. I do not remember the text; I cannot recall one sentence of his sermon, but if I had told him the history of my struggles, and he had been trying to repeat it to

the people, he could not have described my case more accurately.

Tears of vexation rose to my eyes. I was impatient with the dear old man, and wished he was in any Church on the face of the earth, that Sunday morning, except ours. You see I was very heart-sore and weary, and did not like to have my trouble talked about. As his sermon progressed I became indignant, and said in my heart, "If he does not have such struggles, and knows that we do, and that we cannot help it, why need he talk about them just to tease us?" Ah! I did not understand that he was searching deep for the last seed of the disease, before prescribing the remedy.

After he had described all my difficulties to me (for I forgot there were others present, and felt as if he was talking only to me) and explained my trouble in all its details, to my great astonishment and joy he showed me that Jesus stood waiting to give me a complete cure; that He not only had power on earth to forgive sins, but also to cleanse from all unrighteousness, and

that it was His good pleasure to cleanse my heart then and there. "Behold, NOW is the day of salvation." His words were like cold water to my thirsty soul, like good news from a far country — even the land of Beulah. Indeed, I no longer felt it to be a far country. It seemed as if the dear Lord said to me, "I will give it thee," and that I stood on its border, with only the Jordan of separation rolling between. Of *course* my glad heart said, "I will go in and possess the good land."

But when I came to pass over this Jordan, I found the separation very close work. I was surprised and ashamed to find that, after all, I really loved some of the traitors in my heart, and when I told them I had resolved to let the good Lord cast them out, they pleaded so piteously to be allowed to remain, that it cost me a severe struggle to remain firm in my determination, but in the strength of the Lord I was enabled to do so. I asked Him to search my heart by His Holy Spirit, and bring every idol and every hidden foe to light. I had a hard struggle with my will,

before it would promise to always yield to God's will, and unbelief seemed determined not to leave me. But every time I had to struggle with an enemy, I would cry to the Lord, and He would bind the foe and cast him out.

I consecrated my all to God in solemn covenant, searching my heart, again and again, and asking Him to search it, for I felt I could not be satisfied with my own searching simply, but that He could and would do the work thoroughly. I was tested in many ways. The question came to me: If the Lord sanctifies your soul, sets you apart entirely for Himself, will you obey Him in all things? Then I thought of many places to which I might be called to go, and many things that I might be called to do, and to suffer, and O, how I shrank from them. At last I said I would be willing, but I cannot; I am not strong enough; when the time came for me to do them, I know I should not be able. I never felt so utterly helpless in my life before.

This was on the afternoon of the sixteenth of January, eighteen hundred and seventy-two. I

attended a meeting that afternoon for the special purpose of helping those who desired this experience, to obtain it. Someway, in spite of my helplessness, I never felt so near to God before. I thought I would love to let Him control me, and just follow close to Him all the time, but it seemed useless for me to say that I would, for I knew that when I came to some of those hard places I should fail, and so break my promise to Him. I said in my heart, I would like to please Him in all things, but I *cannot.*

And then came floating through my mind these words: "I will, but THOU MUST GIVE THE POWER." Then I saw just how it was to be done. I, truly, had no power, but I had a mighty Saviour. All power had been given unto Him. I was not to keep myself, but to give myself to Him, moment by moment, for keeping, and O, it all seemed so simple and easy that I could not worry about it any more.

I think that the dear Lord cleansed my heart then. I went home feeling very quiet. I had no witness that the work was done, only I had

stopped worrying about it, and was trusting the Lord to do it.

Just before time for evening service I went to my room for communion with my Saviour, and just as I had finished my prayer the witness came. And with the witness of cleansing, came the filling of the Spirit. The Lord whom I sought, came suddenly into His purified temple, even as He has promised. What was it like? I cannot tell you. I know of nothing with which to compare it. The language of Canaan, rich as it is, has no words to describe it. If you have received it, you know; if not, let Jesus show you.

But I had such a perfect rest. I, who had been *so* weary! And such a sense of freedom; before I had seemed so circumscribed in all my attempts to do the Father's will, limited by my own feeble faith, so that I dared not venture out boldly, claiming my right, through the promises, to continual and complete victory. Now, all was changed. Perfect trust gave perfect freedom, and Jesus gave both, praise His dear name. I knew then what He meant when He said: "If

the son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." I seemed to have been brought out into a large place, where there was plenty of room. The whole land was before me, and I had a right to live there, and enjoy its rich fruits. My Father seemed to say to me: "Lift up now thine eyes, and look from the place where thou art, northward, and southward, and eastward and westward; for all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it." And much more than I could see has He promised me, even exceeding abundantly above all my asking or thinking. "All things are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

Yes, I was Christ's — hidden in Him. And all the fullness of salvation and blessing I had received, came to me as the result of being thus hidden. "For it pleased the Father that in Him should all fullness dwell." I had a right to sit at His feet, and constantly look up into His loving face with the assurance that He was pleased with me, because I wore the white robe of His righteousness.

O, wonderful Redeemer! I was so captivated

by His charms, that even His rich gifts were small as compared with the glorious Giver. I belonged to Him. My glad heart owned His right to control me. It seemed a blessed privilege to obey Him, to suffer and bear crosses for Him, and to yield to His will in all things. My ransomed soul knew no bondage save that of love which bound me to Him, and made me perfectly free.

Did I feel as if I was perfect? Well, no. I felt as if I was the weakest of all God's children, and altogether unworthy of His favor, and have felt so ever since, but what difference did my weakness and unworthiness make? I had a perfect Saviour, and He saved me perfectly. I was complete *in Him*. Some object to the use of the terms Christian perfection, holiness, sanctification, and similar words, in speaking of this oneness with Christ, but these are the Scriptural names for it, and certainly we cannot better them. It must honor the name of our Saviour more to say that He is able to save to the uttermost, and we have proved Him so in our own experience, than to say we are the children of this mighty

Healer, that the great Physician is our Father, and yet the disease of sin clings to us, making it appear that either He is not able to make us whole, or else we are neglecting to obtain the cure. It certainly reflects on His ability as a physician of souls, to say we are so diseased that He cannot cure us completely, and if we know the healing is for us and refuse to accept it because of our unworthiness, does it not show foolishness on our part, rather than humility? I am afraid many do what I had so long been doing—look at themselves, and seeing their own sinfulness and utter helplessness — say they do not believe they can be saved from their tendency to sin, when, if they would only look up and consider the exceeding greatness of His power, who, in His Word, has given us the promise "Sin shall not have dominion over you;" they would

> "Laugh at impossibilities,
> And cry '*It shall be done.*'"

But now that I had ceased trying to help myself, and was simply trusting Him to supply all my needs, I found Him able to save me fully,

and though nearly nine years have elapsed since that time, He has kept me every moment. These have been wonderful years, so short and so full of blessing. They have been years of rest, too, not rest from the Master's work — I would not enjoy that — but rest in it. Not rest from trial, and temptation, and conflict, but from the hard bondage of sin. *Jesus is able to keep us from sinning.* I do not mean from mistakes from errors in judgment, nor from wrong-doing through ignorance, I mean from sin that brings condemnation to the soul. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son *cleanseth* us from *all* sin," and I have been kept clean all these years, not because my heart was cleansed at the beginning, but because it is cleansed every moment.

One called my attention, the other day, to the fact that little pebbles in a brook are kept clean because they *are* in the brook, where the water flows over them constantly, while if they were taken out and placed on the bank, they would soon become soiled and dusty; so my soul is kept from the pollution of sin, because hidden in

Christ. "Whosoever abideth in Him, sinneth not."

Since I became a resident of this Beulah land, I have been led in ways that seemed very strange to me, and as wonderful as they were strange. In the first place, I have never been called upon to do and bear many of the things over which I struggled so when making my consecration; perhaps a willing spirit was all the sacrifice the dear Lord required of me. Then I have had to do and bear many things I never dreamed of at that time, but He has put His strong arm about me, and led me through them triumphantly. O, it is glorious when surrounded by foes, when completely hedged in by the enemy, to know that He is one with us, that our cause is His cause, and victory is certain to Him. Ofttimes we hear His sweet voice say: "Ye shall not need to fight in this battle." Then we just stand still and witness His salvation. In time of severe conflict, one pleading, trustful look up into His loving face, will do more for us than days of hard fighting; then we go out and in His name com-

mand our foes to make room for us, and they shrink away, while we pass by unharmed.

With this wonderful blessing came an overwhelming desire to work for the Master. I had enjoyed working for Him before, but a sense of my own shortcomings had continually crippled me. Now I was free — free in Christ Jesus; how my soul exulted in the thought. I said, "I will show those who say that this fullness in Christ is only for old people and sick people, that it is for strong, young people, too. Surely if God could make such a complete cure in my case, no one need despair of healing." My heavenly Father indulged me in these desires for a little time, and O, how I did enjoy running here and there, *anywhere* He bade me go, doing His errands.

Then there was a change, and my service became one of suffering, yet I knew the Master counted it a service still. There have been long hours of waiting, too, when, though released from suffering, I could not go about working for my dear Lord as formerly, and then He sent the work

to me, and *always*, under *all* circumstances, my soul has been full of gladness in Jesus. And though now I am becoming well and strong, I would esteem it a privilege to pass again through those same trials, that I might receive those same rich baptisms, only I know they were not the result of suffering and waiting, but of delighting in the will of my God, and He doesn't want me to have those experiences over again, but fuller, richer, deeper ones.

But what if I should fall? I do not believe there is much danger of falling from such a low place. Before I received this blessing I thought it impossible to lose it after once gained. I thought a faith simple enough to receive it, must be strong enough to retain it, but have heard since, to my great sorrow, that some have fallen from this state of grace. I think such a fall must be great and terrible, but I do not fear it, for Jesus has given me rest from fear of evil according to His promise. I know there are dangers on every hand. I know my foes are strong and cunning, and understand me better

than I do myself; if I were to consider only my weakness as contrasted with the strength of the enemy, my courage would fail me and I should fall at once. But I have great cause for thankfulness that there are no traitors in my heart now, and then, I am hidden in Christ. I know He is able to keep me; after all His kindness to me I cannot doubt His willingness, and so I expect He will.

"For I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace, and not of evil, *to give you an expected end.*" Every morning I tell Him I am depending on Him to keep me through the day, and *He does it.* Every time I am beset by temptations I tell Him I expect victory in His name, and He gives it to me, and when even my trust in Him is assailed, I look to Him to keep me trusting, and am kept. The promises make such a broad standing place, the everlasting arms are so strong, and the constraining power of His love so great, that I see no reason why even my poor soul need fear.

Dear friend, does all this sound to you like boasting? Well, I have a right to boast on the

authority of God's Word: "Let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth Me." But if you think those who are hidden in Christ feel like exalting themselves because of it, you are seriously mistaken. Self did not yield to crucifixion without a mighty struggle, and none of us care to see it exalted again.

In my intercourse with Christians, I meet with so many who say they are not satisfied. They know they are accepted of God, they have a hope in Christ, and a knowledge of their love for Him, and His for them, they would not relinquish for all the treasures of earth, but — and then comes a long catalogue of evils, all of which are the results of a heart not cleansed from all unrighteousness. Such sing:

> "Our souls how heavily they go,
> To grasp eternal joys,"

and,

> "Jesus, and shall we ever live,
> At this poor, dying rate?
> Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
> And Thine to us so great,"

O, that all these unsatisfied ones would take the best book on holiness — the Holy Bible, and sitting down at the feet of the Lord Jesus, the great Teacher of holiness, would learn what is the hope of their calling, and the exceeding greatness of His power toward us who believe, and then take from His hand the rich inheritance He offers. Their song would then be changed to one of rest, and gladness, and triumph in Jesus.

THE SOUL'S CRY.

"Thou that dwellest in the gardens, the companions harken to thy voice; cause me to hear it."

O THOU, whose dwelling place
Is in the gardens found,
Where lilies of immortal peace
Their fragrance shed around;
Where flowers of hope and love
And joy immortal bloom,
Thy smile, the sunshine of that place,
Beams ever bright as noon.

There the companions hear
Thy dear melodious voice,
They listen to its accents sweet,
It makes their hearts rejoice;
Thy presence to their souls,
A perfect rest has given;
By faith they walk with Thee on earth,
Till called to live in heaven.

Jesus, I bring to Thee,
My heart by sin oppressed,
Fightings without, and foes within,
O, give the weary rest.
Grant, Lord, that even I
May hear Thee say to me—
"My blood now cleanses from all sin,
My Spirit makes thee free."

To Thee, I lift mine eyes,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain,
My soul for all Thy fullness cries,
None *ever* sought in vain;
Now may I ever walk
In Thy delightful ways,
In heart and voice and life unite
In everlasting praise.

JESUS ONLY.

"And when they had lifted up their eyes they saw — Jesus only."

THE souls whom Jesus has made free turn to Him for light and strength, just as flowers do to the sun. He *is* our sun, He lights our way. When amid the perplexing duties of life, we feel that we have need of wisdom greater than our own, to know the path of duty that we may walk in it, we look to Jesus, and in the light of Him "who is made unto us wisdom," crooked ways are made straight, and rough places plain, so that we *cannot* lose our way if we walk just where He shows us. But He has promised to guide us with His eye, and if we would have His guidance, we must keep our eyes uplifted to Him, and watch *every moment*, to see which way He is looking. If we do this He will lead us in the right way. O ye, who so often turn aside, and make

crooked paths for your feet, Jesus wants to lead you *all the time.* Will you let Him?

Jesus is our burden-bearer. How I pity those who go through the world carrying heavy burdens, and no Jesus to bear them for them. But I have known some Christians who seemed to think it too much for Jesus to save them and bear their burdens too. O, let all such bring their burdens to Him; not only the great crosses and heavy burdens (Jesus wants to carry all of these) but the little burdensome trials of life, the petty annoyances, the little teasing things that occur every day, over and over again, and you cannot escape them, but you can take them to Jesus, and He will bear them for you; He will keep you patient and sweet-spirited right through them all; He is longing to do it for you. Will you let Him?

Jesus is our shield; He has promised to defend us; He has been my shield many times. When called to contend with foes strong and powerful, I have fled to Jesus, my hiding place, and although I could not escape the conflict, Jesus has gone right into the battle with me, and fought for me,

and He has never yet lost a battle. He wants to fight your battle for you. Will you let Him?

But a shield can only defend from foes without, what can those do who have foes within their hearts? Those who fight against inbred sin, against doubts and fears, and are often overcome in the struggle, and sometimes led into captivity, how can these be delivered? By just letting Jesus deliver you. You can never deliver yourselves; years of struggling will not set you free: but Jesus can do it in a moment — in the twinkling of an eye; He *wants* to do it; He is pleading with you to let Him do it. Will you let Him?

Jesus is our joy — our crown of rejoicing. Great, very great, was our joy at the time of our conversion. I have heard Christians say, "O, that I could feel as I did when Jesus first spoke my sins forgiven." But those of us who have let Him cast every foe out of our hearts and make them clean, have a joy greater than we could conceive before, and it is abiding. Dark clouds may gather around us, but in our hearts all is light. We even count it all joy when we fall into divers

temptations, knowing that the trying of our faith worketh patience, and when patience has had her perfect work, we shall be perfect and entire, and wanting nothing. If you have not this joy, Jesus wants to give it to you; will you let Him?

"If our love were but more simple,
We would take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine,
In the sweetness of our Lord."

THE LORD'S LILIES.

"Blessed are the pure in heart."

We are told that the lilies of Palestine, mentioned in the New Testament, are very beautifully colored, but in Old Testament times the word lily signified purity — the lily was used as an emblem of purity. Jesus is called the lily of the valley, because of the spotless purity of His character, and He calls the pure in heart His lilies. We read in the Songs of Solomon, "As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters." How blessed to know that He who has called us out of darkness into His marvelous light, is able and willing so to cleanse our hearts, that like the pure white lilies, we shall be without spot or stain.

The Lord delights in His lilies — His pure ones. We read again, "He feedeth among the lilies;" and He has said "If any man love me,

he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and take up our abode with him." What blessedness! To have Him abide with us; not tarry for a moment, not to catch sweet glimpses of His face, and then have it hidden from us by clouds of doubts and fears, but to have Him with us *always*, a present help in every time of need. And this joy may be ours, for it is promised to the pure in heart.

We are told to "consider the lilies, how they grow," and do any of God's children grow in grace like the pure in heart? When evil passions and desires, that, like weeds, have sprung up in our hearts, are not "kept down," but cast out, there is nothing to prevent the growth of the Christian graces. Yet some object to the doctrine of heart-purity, because, they say, they do not expect to reach a point in this life where they will not grow in grace; they believe they must advance or go back. My friend, purity and growth are not the same thing. Hosea, in speaking of the Israel of God, says, "He shall grow as the lily;" not grow to be like the lily, but he shall grow as the lily

grows. There are lily buds, and lily flowers. A bud may be perfect and yet it will expand into a flower; but who ever saw a perfect flower that came from an imperfect bud? Jesus expects us to grow in grace, but we cannot be made pure by growth; that can only be done by the application of His precious blood, in answer to our prayer of faith, and then He leads us on, and we run in the way of His commandments, with hearts glad and free.

We are not all called to preach the gospel. We have not all many talents to trade with for Jesus, nor the time and means we would like to use in His service. Some of us have been lain aside from active service for a long time, yet we can all be pure in heart, and holy in life, and there is a power in the daily life and example of one who walks with God, that the unconverted do not resist. They admire the Lord's lilies; they covet the friendship of a Saviour who is able to make the heart so glad that the countenance is all aglow with holy light, though as Moses when he came down from the mount, wist not that his face

shone, sometimes the lowly follower of Jesus knows it not, but the unconverted take knowledge of it, and it is often the means of their salvation.

O, I am so glad this same blessing of heart-purity is for all God's children. Let us yield up our hearts to be made pure and clean; let us trust Him to keep us clean, that we may glorify Him on the earth, and that, in a little while, when He shall come into His garden "to gather lilies," we may be found without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, and so be transplanted from this valley, to bloom in the Paradise of God.

THE IMAGE OF THE HEAVENLY.

"Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us."

THERE are Christians who have a wonderful way of helping all with whom they have any intercourse, nearer Jesus. No one who has any desire to be like Him, can be long in their society without having this desire strengthened and increased greatly. They live so near to God themselves, and are so conscious of His glorious presence at all times, that they seem to reflect the rays of the Sun of Righteousness, so that all about them feel the sweet influence, and are constrained to cry with the Psalmist, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God;" "My heart and my flesh cry out for the living God."

If unconverted people — those who have never given much serious thought to the subject of their soul's salvation — are brought into the society of

these blessed ones, they can but see the strange beauty of their lives, and wish that they too might know this Jesus, of whom they hear them speak; or if they are determined to resist the Spirit's strivings, they seek other society, being unable to endure the cravings of their own souls after the purity possessed by those who walk with God, while in their company.

It was my privilege, in my early Christian experience, to meet with some of these pure ones — mothers in Israel, and strong men and women of the Church of God — and I could not help seeing that they were different from many who named the name of Christ, and who, I knew, were trying to follow Him, and I wondered at the difference. Other Christians spoke of doubts and fears, but these were always happy. I knew they had trials and afflictions, yet they seemed to live in the land of Beulah, where the sun always shines, their lives being one continual psalm of praise to God. Some told me it was because these were differently constituted from others, some being naturally inclined to look on the dark side, while

others were naturally cheerful, but I knew our dear Father never meant one of His children to be so much happier than another. Then I thought it must be because they had been Christians so long, that by long service of the Master they had grown to be thus like Him, and I had such a longing to be like them, that I thought I would be willing to serve any number of years, and bear any burden, if only *sometime* I might gain their standpoint, and, like them, be free to follow Jesus, and help others to follow Him.

Yet I knew others who had been members of the church just as long, and who, I had no reason to doubt, were Christians, and yet they lacked this beauty, this finishing touch of the Divine hand, and I could not solve the mystery.

But the problem I could not work out for myself, the great Teacher explained to me. Then I saw that this beauty of the Lord, and of those on whom He had bestowed it, was the beauty of HOLINESS, and O, He showed me that I need not wait until I was older to receive it, that it could not be gained by long years of service, nor in

any other way, only as the free gift of Him who bought this great blessing for us, and that He is waiting and longing to give it to each one who desires it above all else; that the youngest may come, the weakest may come, and whosoever will may come and be saved to the uttermost.

Dear friend, you who are trying to serve Jesus, and yet know there is something lacking in your experience, you who are sometimes on the mountain-top, and sometimes down in the valley, discouraged, and almost ready to give up striving for the mastery, Jesus doesn't want you to live so any longer. He wants to put His loving arm about you, and draw you so close to Himself that you will shine in the light of God, and all the while reflect the image of the Heavenly, and He wants to do it *now*. For your own sake, for the sake of the Church whose great need seems to be more of those who enjoy this full salvation, for the sake of the dear Saviour whom you love far better than you love your life, though you often grieve Him, I entreat you to pray "let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us."

THE LORD'S EVERLASTINGS.

"From everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God."

I BEGAN searching my Bible one day for the everlastings. First I found, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love;" then, "Israel shall be saved in the Lord, with one everlasting salvation;" and then, "The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion, with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."

As I paused a moment to consider these precious promises from the Lord's treasury, I said to myself, Why, I have found these in just the right order! Everlasting love, everlasting salvation, everlasting joy. Because our Jesus loves us with an everlasting love, He has given us His everlasting salvation, and this fills our souls with an everlasting joy, that no man can take from us.

Everlasting love — the same yesterday, to-day and for ever. And then the depth of this love!

who can fathom it? Why, it brought our Saviour from His own glorious heaven to die on Calvary. *Even, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us!* It has watched over us from our earliest infancy, has given us our pleasant homes, our loving friends, and all the comforts of life we enjoy. Even though we have rebelled against our kind heavenly Father, He has remembered us in mercy, for though He hates the sin, He still loves the sinner. In His great love for us, He condescends to notice our faintest aspiration after holiness and God, and to help in our least endeavor to get nearer the great Source of love; but when we give ourselves unreservedly to Him, and love Him with all our hearts, *then* does He "rest in His love," and joy over us "with singing." And we need not fear that He will ever love us less, for His love is not only infinite, but everlasting.

Everlasting salvation — a salvation that saves *every moment.* Could any thing but everlasting love have devised such a salvation as this? No more need of straying into forbidden paths, for

everlasting love has prepared a highway, and "the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." "The unclean shall not pass over it," but everlasting love has opened a fountain for sin and uncleanness at the entrance of the highway where *all* are invited to wash and be clean. And because we, in our weakness and ignorance, might stray from the highway after entering it, this same love has provided a Guide — one who has passed over the way before us, and the print of whose blessed footsteps now marks the path. He is mighty to save. We hear His gentle voice saying: "*This* is the way, walk ye in it." His strong, loving arm encircles and supports us.

> "We lean on Him, entranced
> In calm and perfect rest,"

and are saved — saved to the uttermost — saved every moment with His everlasting salvation, *and we know it.*

So our souls are filled with everlasting joy, the joy of conscious salvation, everlasting because it must endure while we are fully saved. I know

that the dear ones who travel the King's highway are often in heaviness through manifold temptations; I know that some are led from the cleansing fountain right into the fiery furnace — I have known those whose hearts were almost crushed with sorrow, and yet they could say with Paul, "sorrowful, yet always rejoicing." I am glad that we are told to rejoice *in the Lord* alway, for although every other source of joy may fail us, this cannot, for it is everlasting.

From everlasting to everlasting, He is God. His love unchangeable, His salvation ever ours, and the cup of joy He presses to our lips, ever full and overflowing. Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

"Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting to everlasting, and let all the people say, Amen. Praise ye the Lord."

THE CHILDREN'S SAVIOUR.

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

JESUS is a powerful Friend;
Little children, love Him now;
At His feet in reverence bend,
Meekly in His presence bow.
He is able to redeem,
Strong to save, and true, and willing,
He will make your hearts quite clean,
All His promises fulfilling.

Jesus is a loving Friend;
Listen, children! hear Him pleading:
"Come, your joys will have no end,
In my pleasant pastures feeding;
I will take you in my arms,
Fold you to my bosom tender,
Keep you safe from sin and harm,
Be your Shepherd and Defender."

Jesus is the children's Friend,
Once on earth, and now in heaven;
"Suffer them to come," He said,
"I, for them my life have given."
Children, He has died for you!
And your love so glad will make Him;
Love Him then, this Friend so true;
Never, never more forsake Him.

All who would the Saviour own,
Must possess a child-like spirit,
Humble, teachable, and pure,
Trusting only in His merit.
On such heads His loving hands,
Evermore shall rest in blessing;
Heaven above their heritage,
All its wealth of bliss possessing.

WHO WILL SAVE HIM?

"Neither is there salvation in any other."

WHO will save him? Save him from what? Surely he is in no danger from King Alcohol. He is only a baby; scarce six summers have passed over his curly head! Then, his father and mother are temperance people, though not quite so fanatical as some who "set themselves up" for reformers. Mamma gives him a little cider when she makes mince pies, and papa thinks a little home-made wine won't hurt him: they never think he *may* learn to love it, and become a drunkard. Then he spends his pennies for wine-drops and sugar brandy-bottles at the confectioner's around the corner; but *he* is a church-member, and, *of course*, would not sell the child any thing hurtful. O, is there no one to lift the warning voice — no one to take away the little foxes before they spoil the tender vine? Who will save him?

Who will save him? He is a school-boy now. Quick and intelligent, he is always at the head of his classes; merry and obliging, the favorite of all his companions. That same confectioner still keeps the store around the corner, and he stops on his way to school and buys the same kind of cakes and candy, only he buys them by the pound now. Sometimes he takes a glass of wine, when visiting at the homes of some of his companions. He tells himself that it isn't because he likes it, but because he dislikes to be singular. He doesn't say any thing to his mother about it, because she *might* worry; mothers are so easily worried, you know. He accompanied her the other afternoon, to a meeting held by the ladies of the Temperance Union, and as he heard their earnest appeals. especially to the young, he was almost persuaded never to touch the wine again. But he heard his mother say, at the supper-table, that she did not see how any woman *could* do so unlady-like a thing as to speak in such a company, composed largely of boys and men, some of them pretty rough looking, too; so

he thought the ladies' remarks not worth his notice.

A temperance society was started in the Sabbath school of which he is a member. Most of the boys in his class joined it; he *thought* of joining, but heard his father say he thought any *man* ought to have respect enough for himself to keep from drinking, and that signing the pledge was all nonsense, so he did not give in his name. Thus he is borne along by the tide of circumstances, and no one dreams of his danger. Who will save him?

Who will save him? He has grown to be a young man; his last year in college is almost ended. He is chosen to be the valedictorian of his class, and he works early and late, for he intends his friends shall be proud of him. Sometimes in the early part of his college course, when his head ached, and he found it hard to concentrate his thoughts, he used to take a glass of wine; then his brain seemed to become clear and active, and he could proceed with his studies. Wine doesn't seem to have much effect on him

now, so he takes something stronger. His head aches worse than ever the next morning; he cannot see why it should, but concludes it is because he worked so hard the night before, and resolves to be a little more prudent in future. Thus he goes on, not realizing that he is a slave to his appetite, but thinking that he can lay aside his habit of drinking whenever he pleases to do so. Who will save him?

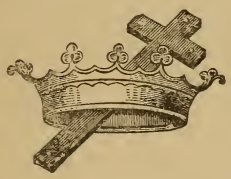
Who will save him? Some years have passed since we saw him last, and he has now a home and family of his own. That lovely cottage, yonder, is his home: that beautiful, though sad-looking woman at the door, is his wife, and the little child among the flowers in the garden, his idolized daughter. Some people wonder why his wife always looks so sad, when she seems to possess all that heart could desire, but those who know them best say it is because the husband drinks. When she first learned this fact, her grief knew no bounds, and she begged him, for her sake, to give it up. Anxious to please her in every thing, he promised to do so. Again and

again he tried — tried in his own strength, and of course failed. Then, for the first time, he knew how King Alcohol had enslaved him. Since that he has become desperate, and it is now no uncommon thing for him to become intoxicated. He doesn't patronize the low drinking saloons, however; not he. He buys his liquor at the large hotels with marble counters, where the cut glass sparkles in the gaslight, and is called by society a gentleman. But the liquor is quite as surely poison, and he is drifting swiftly and surely toward destruction. Who will save him?

Who will save him? There he lies on the steps of that low grog-shop; any place where liquor is sold is good enough for him now! His reputation is gone, his house and furniture sold, and his money spent to satisfy his appetite, and yet it is unsatisfied. His father and mother have gone down in sorrow to their graves. His wife has found refuge in her father's house, and there she and her little daughter mourn for him of whom they were once so proud, for he seems but a step from the grave — the *horrible* grave of

the drunkard. Oh, is it possible to save him now? He is sober this morning, for his money is gone; and as he sits thinking of his miserable condition, and contrasts it with what he might have been, he covers his face with his hands, and tears trickle through his fingers. A Christian lady is passing, and noticing his condition, she stops to speak a kindly word, and invite him into a temperance meeting near by, to which she is hastening. He follows her in, he hardly knows why, only he has nowhere else to go. There they entreated him to give up his evil habits and lead a better life; but he tells them it is too late, his appetite is his master. Then they point him to Jesus, the mighty to save. Can He save him? He remembers that long ago, his Sunday-school teacher used to tell him that Jesus could save to the uttermost. Her words come back to him now with a pleasant sound. He scarcely heeded them when they were spoken; he thought then he needed no salvation: afterward, when he grew older, he thought he could save himself, but he knows better now. Will Jesus think the

poor drunkard worth saving? "Oh, yes!" they tell him, "He died for all." It is almost too good to be true, and yet he begins to believe it. Now his confidence grows stronger, and he reaches out the hand of faith, and takes the offered salvation. Speed away, ye angel messengers, and sound the story through the bright courts above, and let heaven and earth rejoice together, for King Jesus has conquered, and he is saved at last!



IN THE SUNSHINE.

"They shall walk, O, Lord, in the light of Thy countenance."

A FRIEND related to me the following little incident, which occurred at a floral exhibition in one of our large cities. Among the many rare and beautiful plants placed on exhibition there, was one that attracted the attention of all who passed by. It was only a common geranium, and yet it was so symmetrical in form, and so beautiful in foliage and flower, that everyone paused to admire it, and wondered how it had been trained to such rare beauty.

When the time arrived for the distribution of the prizes, the judge announced that the beautiful geranium had taken the first prize, and called for its owner. A pale, slender little girl, in a neat but faded dress, came forward and said, "Please,

sir, that's mine," in a low, sweet voice — so low that it failed to attract the attention of the judge, who again called the name of the owner of the plant. Again the little one answered, "Please, sir, that's mine." This time the judge heard her, but at first would hardly believe the plant was really hers.

Having satisfied himself that such was the case, he began questioning her about it. "How long have you owned this lovely plant, my little friend?" he asked. "Ever since it was a tiny slip," answered the little maiden. "And where do you live?" was the next question. The child named a street in the most wretched part of the city — a miserable alley, where the tenement-houses on each side were so high that never a ray of sunlight entered, and where not so much as a blade of grass ever grew.

On hearing her answers, the judge was still more astonished, and exclaimed: "Is it *possible* that this lovely plant grew in such a place? How *did* you train it?" "Please, sir," she answered, "I only kept it in the sunshine." "But I didn't

know the sun ever shone in your street." "It doesn't shine in the *street*, nor in the window of our room, but it does shine upon the roof of the house. My Sabbath school teacher gave me this plant when it was a tiny slip, and I loved it for her sake. I knew it couldn't grow without sunshine, so every morning I carried it up to the roof of the house, and kept it there all day. Mamma goes away to work in the morning and doesn't get back till night; so, as I was tired of staying alone in our room all day, I stayed on the roof with my plant, and when the sun moved, I moved the plant, too, and so I kept it all the time in the sunshine."

And I thought as my friend was telling me the story, that the little plant was like the Christian. If we would live the beautiful, holy lives our heavenly Father designs us to live, we must get above the darkness of sin, where He can smile upon us all the time. His smile is our sunshine, and we may live in it, for no cloud of temptation or sorrow is able to hide the Sun of Righteousness from the fully trusting soul.

We may be the weakest, the most unworthy, the least of all God's children, and yet, if we will let Jesus lift us up into the sunshine, it will make us beautiful. Thank God, there is a place where the sun always shines, and the redeemed of the Lord walk there, in the light of His countenance, and rejoice all the day long.

O, that I could picture to all the weary seekers after rest, the glories of this Beulah land! O, for words to describe the perfect rest found here! No condemnation, no fears, no doubts, for trusting is as easy as breathing, but I can only say, Jesus is the way, come up and share the goodly heritage, and you shall know for yourself, the full, rich meaning of that blessed word SATISFIED.

"WE WOULD SEE JESUS."

I ATTENDED a union Methodist love-feast at one of the Churches of our city, and all through the service the words, "We would see Jesus," kept running through my mind, and even after I went home, and had retired for the night, I could not sleep for thinking of them, so I began putting my thoughts in rhyme. At last I fell asleep, and had a dream. I never had a brother, but in my dream I thought I had — an elder brother, who had long been absent from home, but was now coming back. I could not remember of having seen him, but everyone was telling me how kind, and gentle, and noble, he was. I thought he had distinguished himself in battle, and saved the lives of many, though he, himself, was wounded. I was almost afraid to meet one so grand. At last I heard a stir in the crowd

that had gathered about our door to catch a glimpse of him, and some one said, "He is coming." Then I forgot all my fears, and rushed forward to meet him, and as I looked up in his loving face, and he clasped me in his arms, I tried to say "My brother," but the words faltered on my lips, and I said "My Lord!"

We would see Jesus, for our ears have heard
Sweet stories of His loveliness and grace;
Words that deep longings in our souls have stirred,
To look upon the beauty of His face.

We would see Jesus, for our hearts have felt
The kindlings of His love — a love so deep;
It brought Him from the heaven where He dwelt,
To earth, to rescue us, His wandering sheep.

We would see Jesus; O, we wonder not
That Moses, after he had talked with God,
Should ask that his might be the happy lot
To gaze upon the glory of his Lord.

We would see Jesus. In the heavenly land
The great archangels, in His presence now,
Cover their faces with their wings and stand,
Before His throne, and reverently bow.

We would see Jesus. Hark ! I hear a voice
From God's own Word—"The pure in heart are blest,
They shall behold Him, in His love rejoice,
Their weary heads upon His bosom rest."

We would see Jesus; Father, make us pure,
O, wash us in the all-atoning blood,
O, work within our souls a perfect cure,
And make us altogether like our Lord.

We would see Jesus; yes, faith's vision bright
Sees Jesus *now*, and gazing, we shall be
From glory changed to glory at the sight,
And dwell with Him through all eternity.

HOW TO BE STRONG.

"They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth forever."

WHAT a wonderful promise of strength! "They shall be as Mount Zion which *cannot* be removed." And how simple the condition — only trusting Jesus?

Of course, this trust implies a full consecration. There can be no such thing as perfect trust unless the consecration is complete. I have heard people wish they could trust God for every thing, but someway they could not do it: and no wonder — they had not placed their all in His keeping. How *could* they trust Him to keep that which they were withholding from Him?

But having placed our all on the altar ourselves, with all that we have and are — our talents, and time, and reputation; having even given

Him our unbelief, and our weakness — we have a right to trust Him.

Did you ever stop to think that Jesus wants us to consecrate our weakness to Him? Well, He does. What for? As a means for displaying His mighty power. Is it not written, "My strength is made perfect in weakness?"

This wonderful, yet simple trust — incomprehensible to those who are still clinging to some fondly-cherished idol, but well known and understood by all who are the Lord's entirely — so unites us to Him that His strength becomes ours. I have heard a good brother, who is noted for the stability of his character, say in the prayer-meeting, that his feet were so firmly planted on the Rock that he seemed to have become a part of it.

I have a message to-day for the weak ones — those who tell us they are trying to serve God in their poor, weak way, but crosses are heavy, and they shrink from the performance of many duties because they feel their weakness; those who are too timid to speak to an unconverted friend, and invite him to come to Jesus, or to use their voice

in prayer or testimony in the prayer circle, or to do *many* things they feel it their duty to do, but think they are not able — Jesus knows all about your weakness, and sends you a message. You will find it written in His own Holy Word, and these are the words: "Let him take hold of My strength." Why, the strength of Jesus is omnipotent. Could you ask any thing more? Never mind your weakness, just come close to Him and trust Him with all your heart: just take hold of His strength, and you are more than a match for all your foes.

Does the enemy come in like a flood? Trust in the Lord; His Spirit shall lift up a standard against him. Do temptations assail you on every hand? Trust in the Lord; the shield of faith shall quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. Do trials and afflictions come to you? God is a strong refuge, only trust Him, and He will hide you in the cleft of the Rock, and cover you with His hand till these calamities are overpast. Perhaps He sends you on some errand for Him, and you find some great mountain of difficulty right

in the way. Never mind; trust in the Lord: He can remove it, if necessary; if not, just let Him hold your right hand, and go forward. Keep looking up into His loving face, *keep trusting*, and you shall pass safely over, and just beyond you will find the valley of blessing.

Then let us press boldly forward with victory inscribed on our banners, for He hath compassed us about with songs of deliverance. Let us trust in Him at all times and we shall be able to say, with one of old, "Blessed be God, who *always* causeth us to triumph."

"Now unto Him who is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy;

"To the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen."

DON'T TRY TO LOWER THE STANDARD.

"And in that day there shall be a root of Jesse which shall stand for an ensign of the people."

DON'T try to lower the standard! Because, in the first place, you cannot do it. God Himself hath set it up; He guards it with jealous care, and no puny arm of flesh can lower it in the least. It is the life of our blessed Saviour, our God-given example, and the Bible is full of invitations and exhortations to have our lives conformed to it. We have the exhortation, "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus." St. John says: "He that saith he abideth in Him, ought himself also so to walk even as He walked;" and the Lord Himself gave us the command, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect;" and He never commands us to do impossible things. His commandments are

not grievous, but each one is the same as a promise, for He knows, better than we do, how weak we are, and how utterly impossible it is for us to do any good thing of ourselves, therefore His commanding us to do certain things is the same as promising us grace to do them. God has not called us to uncleanness, but unto holiness. This is *His* standard, and all attempts to lower it are as useless as to try to move the everlasting hills with our feeble, human strength.

And because, in the second place, your own soul will never be satisfied with any thing less than all the fullness of God. You may persuade yourself that you cannot attain to the blessing of heart purity in this life, and yet, in spite of your arguments, if you are an earnest Christian, your soul will cry out for it. You may set up a standard of your own, and say to yourself, Thus far thou mayest go and *no farther*, and yet your immortal nature, whose desires cannot be confined by any limits you may prescribe for it, will go out in earnest longings for that which God desires to impart to you — His own holiness.

And then, again, unconverted people expect Christians to be Christ-like. *They* understand that this is the standard. I heard one say, not long since, when asked if he believed in holiness, "Certainly I do; if God is able to save at all, He must be able to save to the uttermost." O, I blush with shame when I think that it is not the unconverted, but those who profess to be the friends of Jesus, who speak against holiness, and limit His power to save.

Dear brothers and sisters, let me beseech you not to try to lower the standard — not to trifle with this subject of holiness. If you have not attained to it, do not therefore say it is not attainable, for God says it is; but seek it with all your hearts, and you will obtain it. "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine." If you do not understand just what is meant by the terms "holiness," and "perfect love," do not speak against the doctrine and experience, but study your Bible, seeking the enlightening influence of the Holy Spirit, and earnestly desiring to know the truth, and it will be revealed to you.

Especially let me entreat those who are pastors and leaders of the people, not to try to lower the standard. There are souls in your Church who are keeping up an endless strife with the foes in their own hearts, and are just *longing* to know if there is not some way of deliverance from them. Some of them have heard of this full salvation, and they listen eagerly to hear what their pastor will say about it, and are grieved and disappointed when Sabbath after Sabbath passes and he says *nothing* about it, or what is worse, speaks slightingly of this wonderful experience. O, let me beg *earnestly* that you will disappoint them no longer, but point out the way to them, and urge them to enter it, for if they do they will be a power for good in your Church that will be astonishing, both to you and themselves.

A certain general, in time of battle, ordered a retreat. All the soldiers under his command obeyed, with the exception of the color-bearer, who firmly stood his ground. Seeing this, the general called to him, "Bring the standard back to the ranks." But the standard-bearer never

moved. Again the general shouted, "Bring the standard back to the ranks." But his words were unheeded, though the distance between the bold soldier and his comrades was increasing, and the enemy was almost upon him. At length the general, expecting every moment to see the standard fall from his hands, shouted at the top of his voice, "*I say* bring the standard back to the ranks." Then out from the midst of the noise and smoke of battle, rang the clear voice of the noble standard-bearer, "General, *I* say bring the ranks up to the standard!" And with a sudden impulse of courage, the general rallied his retreating forces, and led them on to victory.

Then don't try to lower the standard, but rather lead the hosts of Israel up to it, and you will lead them to certain victory, and those unconverted ones you are so anxious to induce to join our ranks, will do so, for you know the Psalmist said, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. *Then* will I teach transgressors Thy ways, and sinners *shall* be converted unto Thee."

MY DREAM.

"Hear, I pray you, this dream which I have dreamed."

I THOUGHT that my feet had been placed in the narrow way that leads to the New Jerusalem, and I had been bidden to go straight forward, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, and on no account taking a backward step, or even looking behind me.

The way seemed rather lonely, and yet it was very pleasant, for I walked amid beautiful flowers and singing birds: the sky above me was cloudless, and my way seemed all sunshine, and music, and joy.

But, after a little, there was a change; the sunshine was all gone; I seemed to be walking amid shadows, and had a gloomy, chilly, uncomfortable feeling. I looked about to ascertain the cause, and saw at a little distance, a great brick wall

crossing my path, and stretching out on either side as far as eye could reach.

The wall was very high, shutting out from my view all that was beyond it, besides casting its shadow back over the path, thus robbing me of all my sunshine. I began wondering how I ever *should* get past it. I knew it would be impossible to climb over it. At first I thought I would try and go around it: but then I remembered that I had been told to turn neither to the right hand nor to the left. I am glad to be able to say I had no thought of turning back. I *could not* stand still; and in my great perplexity I asked myself the question, What *can* I do?

At last I thought I would follow the path right up to the wall, and then if I could go no farther, I should have the satisfaction of knowing I had done the best I could. I walked along with a very hopeless feeling in my heart, until I had nearly reached the wall, when I saw that just where the path led up to it, was a door.

I began wondering if I should be able to open it: but when I came up to it, it opened of its

own accord. I passed through, out in the bright, beautiful sunshine again, and with a glad heart, continued my journey.

But very soon I found myself among shadows again, and saw that another wall, similar to the first, crossed my path. I was not troubled, however, as I had been before, because I thought I should find a way through, and so I did.

This experience was repeated a number of times. I would walk a short distance in the sunshine, then a long way amid gloomy shadows, then out into the sunshine again, until at length, from something I saw in the path, I knew I had passed over that part of the way before, and all at once, the thought came to me that I was just going over the same ground, again and again, when I had all the while thought I was making progress toward my journey's end.

Of course I was very much discouraged. I said to myself, "I shall never reach heaven this way; I may just as well sit down, and not make the attempt;" yet I remembered that I had been told to go straight forward, and, with a kind of

desperation, I did so. Another brick wall was just before me; listlessly I pushed open the gate (O, what would I not have lost had I not done so), when just outside I saw a tall angel standing.

My need of counsel was so great that it overcame the great feeling of awe I had in his presence, and I said to him, "Sir, will you please show me the short road to heaven?" He answered me not a word, only took me by the hand and lifted me up, up, above all the brick walls, and shadows, and gloom, and I *knew* they would *never* trouble me again.

Then he said to me, "You are now in the King's highway; do you want a proof of it?" I thought the joy and rest of my own soul proof enough, but he led me out a little way, and then said: "Now, if by looking in the direction I shall indicate, you can see the Celestial City, that will be your proof." Eagerly I strained my eyes to look for it in the distance; but there it lay, in all its beauty, just before me; it seemed I would have to take but a few steps to reach it.

I raised my eyes to the angel's face, and said:

"Shall I enter in?" I can never forget the rare beauty of his smile as he said, "I cannot hinder you, but if you are willing to stay, I know a place where you can do the King good service." O, that was *just* what I wanted — to do the King good service, the dear, kind King, who had cast up this glorious highway, and given me the privilege of walking in it; so I asked my angel friend to show me the place.

Then he led me back to the place where I had first seen him, and said: "If you would serve the King, stand here, and whenever one comes this way, weary and perplexed as you were, lead them unto this highway, as I did you."

While he stood talking with me, I saw a man approaching in great haste. When he came near enough, he spoke to us, asking to be directed to the Celestial City. To my great surprise, the angel only waved his hand in the direction of the path that led between the brick walls, and said: "Friend, you will have to go in that way."

The man thanked him and passed on, but my soul was filled with indignation, and I said:

"How *could* you send him around in that path, when you know that perfect soul-rest is found only in the King's highway?" The angel smiled and answered: "That man could not walk in the highway. Your Book (I noticed he did not say *our* Book) says: 'The unclean shall not pass over it.'" Then it flashed upon me just as plainly as if I could have read the man's heart, that there was pride in it, and unbelief and other evils that he was not quite willing to give up, and therefore he could not walk in the highway. I was about to ask the angel if I must judge between people as he did, when he suddenly vanished, and I awoke.

REST.

"The Lord shall give thee rest from the hard bondage."

SOUL-REST comes only from a full surrender of our wills to God's will. A soul at variance with God, even in the slightest degree, cannot be at rest. Sin and unrest always go hand in hand, but when our wills bend to God's will, in sweet submission, the floods of His salvation roll over the soul, sweeping away all sin, and unrest, and disquiet, leaving instead, a great calm — a perfect soul-rest, never to be broken while we remain in harmony with God.

Yet the many who go to and fro through the earth, seeking rest and finding none, do not understand this. Jesus says to them, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest," "In returning and rest shall ye be saved, in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength," but *they* say, "No,

life is a warfare, and we must struggle, and wrestle, and fight against foes without and within." They do not know that there is such a thing as rest in the midst of conflict. They never *can* know it, until, with wills completely surrendered to God, and hearts washed in the blood of the Lamb, their struggle with self is ended, and Jesus gives them His perfect peace.

O brother, sister, it is not your outward circumstances and surroundings, and the many temptations to which you are exposed, that rob you of your soul-rest, nor even your own peculiar disposition, as you are sometimes inclined to think, but inbred sin — sin in your own soul. And Jesus died to redeem you from this; it is the Father's good pleasure to deliver you. O, *when will you* yield your will to His, and enter into His rest?

Those who are entirely the Lord's, have rest in the midst of conflict, because they *know* that every battle will result in victory. God has said "I know the thoughts that I think toward you, thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you an

expected end." Their expected end is victory, and, thank God, they have it *every time.*

But the others are not quite so sure about it. Their minds are full of anxiety on the subject. A thousand "ifs" are in their way. So much of the ordering of the battle depends on them, they have so much of the fighting to do themselves: if they act well their parts, all will be well; but what if they should fail? God's invincibles are not troubled by any of these things. No clouds of doubts and fears hide their Leader from their eyes; they have only to obey His orders implicitly, and this they are free to do, for self is not in their way. When He says "go forward," they advance, and He commands their foes to let them pass unharmed. If He says "stand still," they hold their peace, while He fights their battle for them, and their eyes behold His salvation. It is not theirs to bring about results, but only to obey, and He always causeth them to triumph.

Those who are wholly given to God, have rest in working for Him. So many people worry in God's work. Because the King's business requires

haste, and they are full of zeal for Him, they act as if they wanted to do all His work at once. They get tired of His patient way of working, and try to hurry matters a little. They sow the seed carefully and prayerfully, and then want to see results right away; and if they do not, they become discouraged and almost ready to say, I have toiled in vain.

Those who are entirely the Lord's are also full of zeal in His cause; how can they help it when souls for whom Christ died are going down to endless death? The heart of their Saviour is yearning over these lost ones, and their hearts, being in sympathy with His, must share in the feeling. They are eager to work for their salvation, anywhere, or in any way, as His Spirit may direct, and this is all they can do. They do not plan work for themselves, but put all their powers under the Divine control, and with hearts at rest, work on, contentedly and patiently. If they see the fruit of their labor (and thank God this is often the case) they give God the glory; but if not, they still labor on, knowing that God will

give the increase, even though another reaps what they have sown.

Those whose wills have bowed to God's will have rest in the midst of trial and suffering, because all these things come to them through their Father's will. Whatever the immediate cause of their afflictions may be, He lets them come to them.

Sorrow and pain could not touch them without His permission, and they willingly bear what He permits, for they love His will even better than they love freedom from suffering. Though, like Job, they may not understand God's plans for them, they know they can work them out without understanding them, just by submitting. This is their part, and they are wise enough to keep their hands from touching what is not their part.

Those who are entirely the Lord's have rest even in waiting, perhaps the hardest place for one full of holy ambition to rest. They love the Lord's work; they had hoped to do great things for Him; they long to be in the thickest of the

battle; but He has placed His hand on them, and said: "Stand here and wait."

They see multitudes of professing Christians who might work if they chose, yet seem to have no desire to do so. They see other of God's faithful workmen perform successfully the work they had hoped to do — they do not cease to long for it, but God's will is dearer to them than even His work, and so they rest. Some may misjudge them, and think their calmness the result of indifference, but *they* know it comes from the soul-rest that Jesus gives. And as they wait quietly in the place their Father has appointed them, they draw cups of cool, refreshing water from the wells of salvation for the weary ones who pass by, and rejoice that *even they* can do something.

O, that my words might reach each one who is wearily seeking rest outside the will of God, that I might say to them, "Arise, depart, for this is not your rest." Yield your will to God's will, give yourself up entirely to His control, for here, and *here only*, you will find rest to your soul.

MUST AND MAY.

"For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death."

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"My child, you must My words obey,
My true disciple be;
Must choose the right, all evil shun,
Must live for me, and Me alone,
For I have died for thee."

I thought His words were just and right—
Not hard nor grievous in my sight
Were His commands that day;
Yet when I strove to do His will,
Evil was present with me still,
Oft leading me astray.

Then to my Lord I made complaint—
"I cannot, Lord, I am so faint;
My weakness is so great,
That often when I would do right,
And live well-pleasing in Thy sight,
I do the wrong I hate."

How graciously He answered me !
" The secret of the Lord shall be
With those who fear My name;
Child, bring your weakness all to Me,
In it My strength shall perfect be,
If I in thee may reign."

So now I hear my dear Lord say,
No longer *must*, but " Child, you may,"
And my glad spirit, free,
Delights His blessed will to do;
Willing I am and able too,
Through Christ which strengtheneth me.

PRAISE HIM.

"Whosoever offereth praise glorifieth Me."

WHAT an easy way to glorify God! Here is a chance for those who have been wishing they could do something to bring glory to His name. The way is now open for *all*, for we have *each* abundant reason to praise Him. Begin with the first blessing He gives you (remembering that every good and every perfect gift cometh from above), and just praise Him for each one you receive, and you will soon become lost in wonder, love and praise, with no opportunity left you for murmuring and despondency.

Praise Him for the ordinary — what we call the common — blessings of life; the rain and the sunshine, the fields of grain white for the harvest, the luscious fruit, the beautiful flowers. Praise Him for home comforts and loving friends;

if He remembers to give them to us, should not we remember to return Him thanks? We are so used to some of our blessings, that we are in danger of forgetting to praise the Giver for them. What if He should forget to give them to us?

Praise Him for His kindness in little things. Nothing that can concern or interest you is small enough to escape His notice. Even the hairs of your head are all numbered. The little temptations and vexations that try you so every day are all noticed by his watchful eye. You ask Him for grace to overcome them; do you remember to praise Him for giving you the victory over them?

Praise Him for the joys of your life; He gives you every one of them. Pleasures are increased a thousand fold when the heart is filled with gratitude for them, and His blessing asked upon them, for He glorifies every thing He touches. Make Him the honored guest at your feast, for at His word the water changes into wine; and when the miracle is wrought, be careful to return Him thanks.

And those dear afflicted and tempted ones who are being tried as by fire, do you praise God in the furnace? I think I hear one say: "Why, how can I? I try to be submissive, but I cannot say as Paul did, 'We glory in tribulation also.' I wish I could." Dear friend, do not think me harsh, and lacking in sympathy, but, after all, isn't the fault all in yourself? Is it not because your will is not lost in God's will? If it was, I think you would not only see that He loves you while you are in the furnace, but that you are in the furnace *because* He loves you — loves you too well to leave any dross about you, and so puts you where it will all be consumed. Can you not praise Him for that?

But does not God sometimes place those in the furnace whom He has already purified? I believe He does. How would those about them know that they could glorify God in the fire, unless they saw them tried? Did not Christ suffer for others? And does He not confer an honor upon us, when we are thus made partakers of His sufferings?

Did *you*, dear mother, when your darling little one passed away from your loving embrace, to sing among the angels, when you saw the beautiful form lying in the little white casket, and your heart was rent with anguish, *did* you remember to praise Him that although you saw only the dark side of the picture, there was, after all, a bright side? Did you, in the midst of your grief, look up and thank Him that there is a heaven to which your child might go, and that though we die, we shall live again? Did you rejoice that you could lay your weary, aching head on the breast of that same dear Saviour who carries the lambs in His bosom, and know that His heart ached in sympathy with yours?

I have a friend who watched with one of her dear ones through a long and painful illness. No one could tell how she suffered through those weary years, nor how she longed to bear the pain in his stead, yet when all was over she said to me, though her face was pale and her lips quivered, "How I praise God that every thing was ordered just as it was. If he had been taken away at the

beginning of his sickness, I might never have heard him say that he was trusting Jesus as his Redeemer. How thankful I am for the suffering that brought him down low at his Saviour's feet." O, when we let God tune our hearts, He gives songs even in sorrow's night!

Don't you think it would be a glorious thing if the injunction of the Psalmist "Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord," could be obeyed? What floods of hallelujahs would fill all the earth and sky! Well, praise is contagious. You begin the strain, and keep it up. No matter what comes to you, let your heart be full of thanksgiving, let it sparkle in your eyes, ring from your lips, and show itself in your life, and others will be sure to catch it. "Let the inhabitants of the rock sing." If you cannot sing with your lips, surely you can make melody in your heart unto the Lord, and joy cannot be hid. Perhaps the one who takes up the refrain of your heart-song, will be able to sing it with the voice also, and thus *all* may take part in the grand doxology, and help to swell the anthem of those

who sing around the throne, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

A BAPTISM OF LOVE.

"Love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God."

AS I turned to our Sabbath school lesson, this first verse brought to mind an incident in my own experience. I had a young friend whom I loved dearly, and who, I thought, loved me in return, and yet she did me a great wrong. Perhaps it did not appear to her just as it did to me, and yet I cannot help thinking, even now, that it was done knowingly. I believe I forgave her freely and fully. I treated her kindly, and spoke well of her to others, mentioning only the good traits in her character (of which she had many) never intimating, in any way, that she had wronged me, and yet I had a strange feeling toward her. I did not want to see her, nor have any intercourse with her. I hoped she might do well, and be happy, but I wanted nothing to do

with her. I did not think I was wrong in this; I thought nothing more was required of me.

I went on in this way for a few days, and then I became conscious that there was a cloud between me and my heavenly Father — a very thin cloud, but I was used to walking in the clear light of the Sun of Righteousness, and could not bear any thing between us.

I wondered what could have caused it, never thinking that the experience I have just related had any thing to do with it, and being unable to find any cause for it, I went and told Jesus about it.

While I was praying, the words "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," came to me. I remembered it is written "If God so loved us, we ought also to love one another," and to my great surprise I saw that the lack of this love, this free, full love, such as my Saviour had for me, was the cause of all my trouble.

Having seen my error, I immediately set about correcting it, and if ever I tried to do any thing, I tried to love my friend: but all my trying was in vain — love would not come at my bidding.

Every time I thought the task accomplished, the thought of the wrong I had experienced came back to me, and I felt she was not worthy of such love. But then my Saviour never withheld His great love from me simply because I was not worthy of it.

In my extremity I said, I will tell Jesus about it; so I went and told Him I had tried to do what He commanded, and could not, and I said, I never can love her as I want to, unless the love comes to me from Thyself.

And then it came. Like a baptism, like a mighty flood that filled my soul and completely enveloped me, and I not only loved my friend with that pure, holy love I had desired toward her, but O, how I loved everybody! And I seemed to be looking right up into the face of my loving Father, and realized that "God is love; and he that loveth dwelleth in God, and God in him."

As I reveled in the delights of this grand new experience, the words of this first verse of our lesson came to me, full of meaning. "Love is of

God." O, yes, I knew that it was, for had I not tried my best to get it and could not until it came to me from Him? "And everyone that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God." Then I claimed the privilege of knowing Him, of being intimately acquainted with Him, of leaning on His breast, as did the beloved disciple, and of understanding Him, as well as the finite can understand the Infinite.

And my love for my Saviour and for my friend, won my friend's love for my Saviour.

Nov. 16, 1879.

VOICES.

"The Lord shall cause His glorious voice to be heard."

THERE are many voices in the world; the air is full of the sound of them; they come from above, and beneath, and around us — voices of hope and of fear, voices of love and of enmity; voices that thrill our souls with their holy utterances, and make them reach out with earnest longings after all that is pure and right; voices that strive to draw us away from all goodness, and contradictory voices that puzzle and bewilder us; voices of friends who seek to give us wise counsel, but who are fallible in judgment, and whose counsel, therefore, cannot always be followed, and voices of enemies—even the great enemy of our souls, and all his emmissaries, who leave no means untried in their efforts to work our ruin, even transforming themselves as angels of light,

if, by so doing, they may accomplish their base design.

Surely we are living in "a tongue dispensation," and the strife of tongues waxes louder and louder, until, amid this din and confusion, our poor troubled hearts know not to whom to turn for counsel.

But hark! a promise from God's word! "The Lord shall cause *His* glorious voice to be heard," and though the voices about us are loud and clamorous, through all the tumult we hear the voice of the King of Kings, our adorable Redeemer. He whispers "peace, be still," to our troubled hearts, and immediately there is a great calm. He sees our desires to do His will, and how difficult it is at times to know just what duty is, and He says to us, "This is the way, walk ye in it." Then our charmed hearts forget their perplexity, forget to doubt and be fearful, forget all else in the delight of walking with Him, of enjoying His fellowship, and knowing that He will guide us continually.

Isaiah says, "His name shall be called Won-

derful, Counsellor," and I like to connect the two words in my own mind, and call Him the wonderful Counsellor, for He is that to all who seek His counsel. He makes the rough places in our pathway *plain* before us; not always smooth, but so plain that we need not fall, nor even stumble. He has given us the sweet promise, "I will cause them to walk by rivers of water, in a straight way, wherein they shall not stumble," and blessed be His name, He stands ready to verify it to each one of us.

But who shall hear when the Lord speaks, and how may we be able to distinguish His voice from the multitude of voices about us? John gave us a key to the mystery when he said, "I was *in the Spirit* on the Lord's day, and heard behind me a great voice." If we would hear the Lord speak we must be in the Spirit — must be filled with the Spirit as John was, *then* we *shall* hear His glorious voice, and who can tell what wonderful things He will reveal to us! Souls that are washed in the blood of the Lamb, and filled with all the fullness of God, are very sensi-

tive and susceptible of Divine impressions. If we have a living union with God, He will, in some way, reveal His will to us.

Any earthly parent who knows his child's greatest desire is to please him, will find a way to make his pleasure known to the child, and is not our Father's love greater than that of any earthly parent? It is written "The meek will He guide in judgment," not make them infallible, but *guide* them, by bringing to their mind some passage from His word, illuminated by the Spirit, or by some providential leading, or in some other way, for the Lord is not straitened for ways of communicating with those whose hearts are open to the influences of His spirit.

I was talking with a friend of some things in my own experience — of counsel that I had received at a certain time, and I said "How thankful I am that I did not follow that counsel; if I had, I should have been in the dark now; but I knew that it was not the voice of the Lord, and I am not under obligations to obey any other." My friend said "It sounded like wise counsel,

didn't it? How did you know it was the voice of our enemy?" I thought a moment, and then was obliged to say to her, I cannot tell you *how* I knew, but somehow it didn't sound like the voice of my Saviour. I think I know His voice when I hear it, it is so different from all others.

Afterwards I thought I ought to have been able to tell her in what the difference consisted, but after thinking a great deal about it, I was still unable to do so, yet *I knew* there *was* a difference, and then I remembered that Jesus said, "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow Me. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him, for they know not the voice of strangers."

I think those who do things that bring a reproach on the cause of Christ, professing to be under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, *must* fail to bring their impressions to the test of God's word before they allow themselves to be led by them, and if we go contrary to the word, *of course* we go astray, for the teachings of God's word and Spirit *always* harmonize.

John said the voice *he* heard was like the sound of many waters. When Elijah heard it on mount Horeb it was a still small voice, and yet both knew it was the Lord who spoke to them. And *all* whose wills are in harmony with His, and who, with ears open heavenward, listen for the sound of His voice, shall hear Him speak, and understand that the voice comes from Him.

"Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound, they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance."

"O, come ye and let us walk in the light of the Lord."

"IN A STRAIT BETWIXT TWO."

I WOULD be sweet to go home,
Home to heaven above,
To dwell in the house
Of our Father and God;
Where sickness ne'er enters,
Where grief has no place,
Where the sunshine of joy
Brightens each happy face.

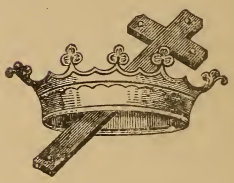
O, how sweet it must be
With the ransomed to sing
The praises of Jesus,
Our Saviour and King.
With hearts filled with rapture,
His dear face to see,
And safe in His presence
Forever to be.

But here on the earth
There are sad hearts to cheer,
And weak ones who wrestle
With doubt and with fear;
And *many* who travel
The sinner's dark way,
And know not the bright path
That leads unto day.

And how *can* the weary ones
Ever find rest;
And how may the weak ones
Of strength be possessed;
And how shall the erring
To Jesus be brought,
Unless some one teach them,
Whom Jesus hath taught?

And 'tis *blessed* to walk
With our Jesus below,
To feel that His blood
Makes us whiter than snow;
To proclaim to each captive
How He can make free —
How He says to each wanderer
"Come unto me."

And surely we know
  That His love is so great,
When our life work is ended
  He'll not bid us wait;
But quickly will say,
  "'Tis enough, child come home;"
Then gladly we'll answer,
  "Lord Jesus, I come!"



ON WHOM DO YOU WAIT?

"My soul, wait thou only upon God."

ON whom do you wait in your daily life, my brother, my sister? Do you wait on yourself, or on somebody else, or do you wait only upon God? How is it in your business life, my friend? Do you aim to conduct your business so as to make the largest possible amount of money, even if you must do some things your conscience condemns in order to gain your end, or is it your *chief* object to glorify God in your business, leaving all results with Him?

On whom do *you* wait, my toiling brother? Do you work from a certain hour in the morning, until a certain hour at night, simply because you *must* in order to gain a livlihood, and provide for those who are dependent upon you, thus waiting on yourself and your loved ones, or do you recog-

nize the fact that the Lord has chosen your inheritance for you, that your work is something He has given you to do, and perform it as if He were standing beside you (for He really is) saying, "Do this for *Me?*" Waiting on the Lord in your toil will lighten it wonderfully, and make you a better workman than even waiting on your loved ones.

On whom do you wait, my sister, in your home life? Do you keep your house *so* tidy because *you* love neatness and order, or is it because the dear Lord condescends to dwell with you in your home, and you want to have every thing as *He* likes to see it? Why do you expend so much thought and labor on the little ones of your household? Why seek so earnestly their welfare and happiness? Is it simply because they are your children, and you love them; or have you the grander thought that they are the Lord's treasures, that you have the privilege of caring for them *for Him*, and that the more beautiful they become under your training, the fitter they will be to grace His diadem of beauty, when He

makes up His jewels? Waiting on the Lord changes the hardest drudgery into delightful service.

My young friend, struggling to lead a Christian life, on whom do you wait when tempted to something that you fear may hinder the growth of the spiritual life within you? When you are invited to dance, or to attend some questionable place of amusement, and your conscience tells you that you had better not do it, do you yield to the temptation because you think, as I have heard some remark, that young people must have some enjoyment? Then you wait upon yourself. Or do you yield because *all* your young friends indulge in these things, and you fear their ridicule, and dislike to be thought singular, and are afraid they may become disgusted with your religion if you are *so very* particular about these things? Then you wait upon your friends. It is more than likely they will become disgusted if you are *not* particular about these things. Or, when the temptation comes, do you resist it in the strength of Jesus, preferring His companionship to any so-

called enjoyment at a place where He could not accompany you? Then you wait on Him, and your cup of joy is full. The dear Lord wants you to have "a good time," and if you wait only upon Him, will surely take care that it is secured to you.

On whom are you waiting in the prayer-meeting, timid Christian, when others are using their voices in prayer and testimony, and you sit in your seat, a silent listener? Are you so quiet because you *are* timid, and it seems such a cross to speak or pray in the presence of the people, that you shrink from it? Don't you see that is waiting upon yourself? Or, are you silent because you know that not having accustomed yourself to praying or testifying in the presence of others, or having been deprived of the advantages for education and culture that some enjoyed, your words would not sound as well as theirs, and you dread the criticisms of the thoughtless? That is waiting upon your brethren and sisters. There is such a thing as waiting on the Lord in holy silence. Such waiting is full of blessedness; but only

those who are free to do the Master's bidding, and are ready to speak or be silent, as *He* shall command, have the privilege of waiting thus.

On whom do you wait, lover of holiness, when in the presence of those who ignore, or else bitterly oppose, the experience which has brought such rest and joy to your soul? If you listen to your adversary, the devil, he will tell you that you had better not say any thing about the experience of sanctification, let your life be your testimony — no one can gainsay that; but if you declare with your lips what God has done for you, you may provoke those who oppose such testimony, and cause them to say that which might better be left unsaid. He will tell you that if you love peace you had better be silent. But Jesus says, "ye are *my* witnesses;" and He is waiting for you to tell what He has done for you. And many weary ones about you are waiting for a message from the land of rest where you dwell. They are hungry to hear about it, and you have the blessed privilege of feeding them. O, wait on the Lord, without fear of man. He will give

you the words He would have you speak, and take care of the consequences.

Isn't it beneath the dignity of all of us, as Christians, to wait upon ourselves? And isn't it better to wait on the Lord, than on our earthly friends, however much we may love them?

JESUS DID IT ALL.

"I will declare what He hath done for my soul."

ONCE my eyes saw nothing comely
In the lowly Nazarene;
All His grace was hidden from me,
By the clouds of sin between;
I was blind, but now I see—
Jesus wrought the cure for me.

Once my dull ears found no music
In His tender, pleading voice;
Now He speaks, and each low whisper
Makes my trembling heart rejoice.
His dear word has made me free,
O, what boundless liberty!

Once my robes by sin polluted,
Were as filthy rags, unclean;
In the great King's royal presence,
I could *never* thus be seen;
I am whiter now than snow,
Jesus' blood has made me so.

Once I roamed in deserts dreary,
Sought, in vain, a place of rest;
Now my soul, no longer weary,
Leans entranced upon His breast;
Blessedness beyond degree!
Jesus is a rest for me.

Hallelujah, what a Saviour!
Half His love was never told;
I have found His royal favor
Richer treasure far than gold.
Praise Him, O, my ransomed soul,
While eternal ages roll.

O, that all who hear the story,
For themselves would taste and see;
Come to Him; His banner o'er thee,
Everlasting love shall be;
To thy weary soul be given,
Rest on earth and rest in heaven.

TAUGHT OF GOD.

"Come, learn of Me."

TAUGHT of God. I heard a dear friend use these words very often. As we talked over the words, or together read the writings of some of the Lord's precious ones, my friend would say, "No wonder they speak as they do; they are taught of God." And as I drank in the glorious truths expressed in their words, my soul went out in earnest longings that I, too, might enjoy His teaching.

And I was learning of Him then, though much of His instruction came to me through others, particularly the friend of whom I have spoken. I would ask Him to teach me, and then sit down and listen, while she, from a rich experience of the deep things of God, brought forth treasures both old and new. Wonderful redeeming love

was the theme on which all who frequented her house loved to speak, and the lessons I learned there can *never* be forgotten. I think that was my Father's best way of teaching me at that time. He had many things to say to me directly, much that the Holy Spirit alone could teach me, but I could not bear it then, so He spoke to me through my friend. It was as if He placed me in the cleft of a rock, and covered me with His hand while He passed by, because I could not bear to behold His glory.

But after a while my friend was taken from me. I had been wont to pray as my soul went out in deep, earnest longings after God, that He would take my hand and lead me, but now I changed my prayer, involuntarily, and asked that I might lean on Him. After a little I began looking about for some one to teach me of Him. I had many friends who loved Him, and I thought if I called on them at their homes, they would certainly talk of His goodness. I called first upon one who had sometimes conversed with me about these things, but on this particular day her

attention was absorbed by another topic. We had been engaged (with others) in some work for the Master, and they, after allowing us to do the heaviest part of the work, had managed to get to themselves all the credit, at least it appeared so to her, and she was so indignant about it that she could hardly speak of any thing else; so I soon left her to call on others, but some way I could find no one who seemed disposed to talk of God, and the way of holiness.

At last I found myself in front of the residence of one of our city ministers, whose wife was a friend of mine, and I thought I would call on her. On entering her parlor, I found that she had other callers, but as I was acquainted with them all, and knew them to be members of the Church, I thought I had now a grand opportunity for gaining instruction.

Again I was doomed to disappointment. They were glad to have me with them, and perhaps if they had known how hungry I was to hear about Jesus, would have said something about Him, but I was too timid in those days to say much

myself, besides being much younger than the rest of the company, so I listened for a while as they spoke of current events, of the different kinds of Church work, and the best methods of performing them, hoping to hear them speak of Him whom my soul loved.

I was grieved and disappointed when they spoke of every thing but Him, for I knew the Bible said, "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and I had been accustomed to hear "the redeemed of the Lord *say so.*" I think I had a right to expect to hear Christians talk of the way of salvation, but these thought differently, and I returned home thinking sadly, there is no one to teach me now.

But my extremity was God's opportunity. I heard His voice speaking to me. Its tones were gentle, and O, *so* tender, and yet so audible to my spirit's ear that they were almost startling, and it said, "Come, learn of Me." O, precious invitation! I realized, as never before, that Jesus was willing to teach me *Himself.* It was as if I had been learning in the primary department of

His school—learning of competent teachers, under the supervision of His own watchful eye, but now He had promoted me to His own department, and I began to receive instruction directly from Him.

I think there is but one qualification necessary for those who would be taught of God. If we have this, we may be sure of His instruction; without it we cannot learn of Him. Perfect submission is the one thing needful. Our dear sister Amanda Smith once said: "If we want God to write His law upon our hearts, we must *keep still and let Him do it;*" and our Father's message to us is, "Be still, and know that I am God." Of course, we must have clean hearts for God to write upon, but if we submit to Him, He will make them clean. And we must have unwavering confidence in Him, but if we submit, He will teach us to trust perfectly. We must also be quick to hear and understand when our Father speaks to us, but I notice that it is usually easy for obedient children to understand what is required of them. May the dear Lord keep us always so submissive that He can teach us all the wonderful things He would have us learn.

HALF AND HALF.

"Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter?" "My brethren, these things ought not so to be."

I WAS talking over the parable of the wheat and tares with my class one Sabbath afternoon, when one of the boys began looking over the school, and picking out those of the members he thought worthy of the name of wheat, and which should be called tares. I said to him, "Don't you think a better plan would be for each of us to consider to which class we ourselves belong?" "Well," said he, "I aint a tare, *of course* I'm not bad enough for that; but then (more slowly) I don't know as I'm hardly good enough to be wheat: I guess I'm about half and half."

And I am afraid that a great many older people make the same mistake my little Sabbath scholar

made; they think they can be about half and half. They are not sinners, *of course;* they're not bad enough for that; but then they are not so good as "these holiness people;" they do not pretend to be. (Just as if we were not all under obligations to be Bible Christians, whether we pretend to be or not.) They attend Church on Sabbath, *sometimes* they attend the weekly prayer-meeting; but often it isn't possible for them to be present. I'll tell you when you will be sure to find them there. Let the pastor announce from the desk on Sabbath that a business meeting will be held after prayer-meeting, to arrange for a social, or festival, or fair, and you will be sure to find them in their places at the prayer-meeting. I do not give their reason for attending, but they are there.

These people do not like class-meetings very well. They don't see how some people can find something new to speak of every week; someway they never seem to have any thing to say. Do they believe in dancing? Why, they do not know as it is wrong to dance; there are many

worse amusements than dancing, and people, especially young people, must have some enjoyment. They attend a circus now and then, "just to see the animals," forgetting that it is written, "Have *no* fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them." I am afraid, yes, I have reason to be quite sure, that some of them would be more careful to keep away from a holiness meeting than from the opera. Yet their names are on the Church record, and they call themselves Christians. I wonder if such people ever pause to consider that God's Word mentions only two classes, "he that is for Me," and "he that is against Me;" "he that gathereth with Me," and "he that scattereth abroad," and that only two places are mentioned as dwelling places for those who have finished their probation on earth. As they do not class themselves with sinners now, of course they do not expect to be classed with them then, and as they do not pretend to be like those who are wholly the Lord's here, how can they expect to share the heaven prepared for them? What will become of them?

The picture I have drawn is a sad yet truthful one. Dear reader, if you are trying to serve God, and self, and sin, all at once, you will never be able to do it, so do not try any longer. Our Father has provided better things for us. Just take your hands off the world, and reach them both out to Jesus. Let Him save you fully, and your life will be full of blessing richer than you can conceive of now.

There is a sort of half and half people whom I pity, with all my heart. They really do try to live Christian lives. Their sins have been forgiven for "His name's sake," but they have not been delivered from the dominion of sin. They go on, from year to year, singing "Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it," they "often make crooked paths," they stumble and fall, but the dear Lord lifts them up again and again. They have "ups and downs" in their religious life. They have no idea of the grandeur of stepping out boldly on the promises, and claiming constant victory through the blood of the Lamb. They know not the glorious liberty of those who are free in

Christ Jesus; if they occasionally catch a glimpse of it they think they are enjoying a mountain-top experience and have no idea it can be lasting.

Much of this sort of experience is the result of a half and half kind of teaching. In my early Christian experience I was associated in Church and Sabbath school with a number of other young people, all of us desirous of leading earnest Christian lives, and when we found that the evil tendencies of our hearts kept leading us astray, and felt that we must, in some way, get the victory over them or they would destroy us, we sought counsel of an elderly gentleman whom we all respected and loved. I had never heard of the doctrine of entire sanctification, but the others, it seems, had, and one of them expressed a desire for this blessing. Then our friend said: "Well, if these things are for us we want them, but we must be careful, *very* careful, about these things." He then proceeded to relate an instance of a man who professed holiness, yet became impatient at some slight inconvenience, and then

again charged us to be careful. Having all confidence in this friend, I then and there resolved that I would never make a profession of entire sanctification, a resolution which, thank God, I broke soon afterward. I know our friend meant well, but why did he not tell us of Enoch, who walked with God, of Job, the "perfect man," of Paul who said "The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death," and of the beloved disciple who proved by experience that "Whosoever abideth in Him sinneth not?"

This sort of teaching, I am sorry to say, is still prevalent. In conversation with a minister one day, I quoted the words "Whosover abideth in Him sinneth not," when he looked at me in surprise, and said: "Why, you don't think it means just that, do you? You give the words too literal a meaning altogether; that simply shows what our lives ought to be; it is our model and we must measure up to it as nearly as possible." He explained it to me, but I did not understand His explanation. It isn't easy to convince one that a

certain experience is not attainable when they are living in the enjoyment of it every moment of their lives.

Did not Jesus come to save His people *from* their sins? Surely then He must be able to do it; the plan of salvation is not a failure. Did He not say to the man whom He had healed, "Sin no more?" He would not have told him to do an impossible thing. We who are Sabbath school teachers would not tell our scholars to do things we know they could not do. We know it would be impossible for them to love and respect us if we did. We would never win them for Christ in that way. If we, then, with our little wisdom, can see the folly of such a course, how must it appear to our all-wise Saviour?

The remedy for all this half and half living and teaching is in the precious blood shed on Calvary. Let those who are appointed to teach the people get fully saved themselves, and they will begin to "teach men so," for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Let the people all come up to their high privilege in Christ

Jesus, and though they will long for instruction as never before — for none are so teachable as the fully saved — they will belong to the company of whom John says: "But the anointing which ye have received of Him abideth in you, and ye need not that any man teach you; but as the same anointing teacheth you of all things, and is truth, and is no lie, even as it hath taught you, ye shall abide in Him." Lord, hasten the day! Amen.

SOMETHING BETTER.

"God having provided some better thing for us."

THE key-word of the book of Hebrews, from which my verse is taken, is the word better. The new covenant better than the old; Jesus, our high priest, better than Aaron and Melchizedek, the blood of sprinkling speaking better things than that of Abel, and so on through the whole book.

And I find that the key-word of all God's dealings with His people is the same; no matter how great the blessings He has already bestowed upon us, He is always ready to give us something better.

The whole Christian life is full of surprises. I remember, and so do you, how it was at the time of our conversion; we had heard, all our lives, of the blessedness of having our sins for-

given, and yet when we came to taste it for ourselves, it was so much better than we had ever imagined, that we were ready to exclaim: "The half was never told!" We were satisfied then, but God knew the way was better farther on, and so He led us forth. Sometimes we doubted, but He cheered us with the promises. Often we were fearful, but He was better to us than all our fears. Now and then we wandered from Him, but because He was better to us than we were to ourselves, He kindly led us back to the fold again; so we grew stronger and stronger, better able to contend with adversaries without and foes within our hearts.

But O, these foes in our hearts, how they crippled us! How they hindered our best efforts to do our Father's will, and made us cry out in bitterness of soul, "When I would do good, evil is present with me." Did He leave us there? O, no; He had provided something better for us, and we heard Him say: "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness, and from all your idols,

will I cleanse you." Then we gladly surrendered our all to Him, and He verified His promises to us; the power of sin within us was broken; we were made free in Christ Jesus, and became partakers of the blessedness of those who walk in the light as He is in the light, and know that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin.

And is this the height of Christian experience? I used to think so, but after I had passed clean over Jordan, and standing on the heights of sunny Beulah land, began to look about me, I was surprised to find that there was so much land yet to be possessed, and as I have pressed forward, anxious to gain all my inheritance, I have found that at each step of the way the beauty of the land increases, its fruit becomes sweeter, the waters of salvation more refreshing, and I long to penetrate still farther into this wonderful country, and enjoy more and still more of its richness.

I heard one say not long ago, that she knew she was entirely the Lord's, that she was filled with God, and dwelt in God, and yet her soul was full of unutterable longings after God, and

she described her state as one of restful restlessness. O, these unutterable longings after God mean something. He is their author, and He intends to satisfy them, not sometime away in the dim future, but *now*. And though we receive from Him more than we can ask or even think, He still reaches His hand to us and says: "Child, take something better."

Our Father's thoughts toward us are all thoughts of love. He delights to give us good things; if He withholds from us any thing that seems desirable, it is only that He may, in its place, give us something better. I wish we all understood this, it would save so much wondering, and, perhaps, some murmuring at God's providences. Treasures of gold and silver are good, yet they are often withheld from His dear children, and those whose hearts are sweetly submissive to His will, learn, down in the vale of poverty, lessons of His wonderful way of providing for those He loves, and of sweet trust in Him, that are better than all earthly riches. Freedom from suffering is a priceless boon, yet those who

suffer submissively and joyfully, learn to bless the long, silent hours that, to others, seem to be running to waste.

A friend came one night to talk over with me some temporal matters. She spoke of many plans she had made, but every one of them had been frustrated, then she spoke of a new opening, a situation she was hoping to obtain, and she said: "This is better than any thing I had thought of before. I am so glad I did not take either of those other places; I would so much rather have this, and if I had made other engagements, of course I could not take it." Then she added, "Now I have done all I could toward getting it — I can only wait; but I have prayed earnestly for it, for it seems such a good opening for me. I have no anxiety about it; I am leaving all in God's hands; He is so good I think He will surely let me have it; don't you?"

Her face wore a wistful, almost pleading look, as she waited for my answer. I had good reason to think the situation not a suitable one for her; I saw difficulties in the way that I knew no

words of mine could make her see, and I knew not what to say.

I lifted a prayer for instruction, and in an instant the answer came. Then I said: "Yes, I think He will *certainly* let you have it, unless — well, I know of but one reason why He should not." "And what is that?" she inquired anxiously. "Perhaps He has a better place for you, and cannot let you have both. You remember telling me, a while ago, you were glad that your other plans were broken up, because this was so much better? If God has something better still in store for you, He will give you that instead of this."

Some time after this I saw her at the close of a prayer-meeting, and her first words to me were, "O, I have it! I have it!" I asked if she meant the situation she had spoken of, and she gave a little, joyous laugh, and answered, "O, no; the 'something better' we talked about. I am so glad you told me." But, you see, I only gave her the message God gave me for her. I never learned whether the better gift she had received was a

temporal blessing, or some spiritual one, the result of losing what she had at first desired to obtain. It matters not which it was, she understood that God knew it was better for her, and that is enough.

Dear fellow Christian, when the answer to our prayer is long delayed, and it seems, almost, as if God had forgotten our request altogether, when we are tempted to think that our little affairs are so small in His sight that He has overlooked our simple petition, when we ask, again and again, for something it seems we *must* have, and yet we pass it by without the privilege of even touching it, then let us remember that the meaning of all this is something better. Our requests are all before Him; He answers *every* prayer, just when it is offered — or at a better time — by giving us just what we ask for, or some better gift that we could not have received had He given us the other.

God is wisdom, as well as love; and because the soul is better than the body, He gives or withholds temporal good, as He sees will best

promote the growth of the spiritual life within. So His kindness is just as great when He withholds as when He gives. One must have a will in perfect harmony with the will of God to see this. Spiritual blessings He gives us just as rapidly as we can receive them, that is, just as soon as our souls are in a condition to take them. The fullness of His salvation He is willing to give to all who will receive it NOW.

HOW THE MESSAGE CAME.

"Snow and vapor; stormy wind fulfilling His word."

GOD, who loveth all His children,
Great and little, every one,
With a love that passeth knowledge,
Often as we journey home
Through life's strange and rugged pathway,
Sends some words our hearts to cheer—
Blessed words of sweetest promise,
Showing He is ever near.

Near to help us in temptation,
Near to soothe us in our grief;
Near to share our gladness with us,
In our need to send relief.
And His messengers are many,
Strange ones, oft, they seem to be;
Listen, while I tell the story
Of the one He sent to me.

There was something I desired,
For my blessed Lord to do;
(What it was, perhaps, would hardly
Be of interest to you.)
Of this service I'd been planning
I could see most pressing need;
Yet the way seemed closed before me,
And my heart was sad indeed.

But at morn, as I was passing
By my window, hastily,
Something captured my attention;
Beautiful frost tracery,
Father's hand had placed upon it;
There I saw an open door,
Flowers and fern leaves clustered round it,
Clinging vines were drooping o'er.

I could but admire its beauty,
Look again, and yet once more;
Suddenly these words came to me,
(I had read them oft before,)
"Fear thou not, behold before thee,
I an open door have set;
Where *I* set a door wide open,
No man ever shut it yet,"

It was only a frost picture,
Penciled on the window pane;
Yet it brought the Father's message
To my spirit, just as plain
As if some swift-winged angel,
In white robe and starry crown,
Glad to do the Master's bidding,
Had from heaven brought it down.

And it gave my soul fresh courage,
Strength to trust, and grace to wait
Till the mist rose from my pathway,
Till I *saw* the open gate
Father's love had set before me;
Till I gladly entered through,
And with joy began the service
That I had so longed to do.

This I know: His word He sendeth.
In whatever way He will;
May our eyes be watchful always,
And our ears attentive still,
Quick our hearts to catch His meaning,
And to take Him at His word;
Useful then our lives, and happy,
In the presence of our Lord.

WORDS THAT BURN.

"His word was in mine heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay."

BURNING words come from hearts filled with the Holy Ghost, and burning with love to God and man, and they reach the hearts of those who hear them *every time.* Not one of them is lost; for God, who prompted them, takes care of them, and uses them to the best advantage.

There is something peculiar about this language of Canaan. Cold hearted professors of religion do not know it. Lips that are used for idle talk and foolish jesting cannot speak it. One cannot learn it from another, for though they may know and speak the same words, the true ring is lost from them in the transfer. I

have heard people talk about heart-purity, who acknowledged to me that they knew it only in theory, but there was no power in their words, and those whose hearts had been cleansed from all sin, knew in a moment, that they were hearing theory, and not experience. There is a vast difference between talking full salvation, and talking about it, and only those can talk it who know its power in their own hearts.

How our hearts have thrilled under the influence of these burning words, as they fell from the lips of God's dear ones. Perhaps it was a very humble, lowly one who spoke them, perhaps the sentences were not as grammatical, nor the thoughts as elegantly expressed as they might have been, yet the words came to us as a message from heaven, for one need not, of necessity, be a Doctor of Divinity in order to be God's messenger. It is written, "If thou take forth the precious from the vile, thou shalt be as my mouth."

No words are too grand, no expressions too beautiful, to be used in telling of the wonderful goodness of God to His people, no intellectual

treasure too rare for His service, yet we have heard persons talk about religion in words that sparkled and glittered like frost on a cold winter's day, and were no less chilling. Some flowers of rhetoric, like frost flowers, must be kept cold in order to preserve their beauty. Let such persons humble themselves under the mighty hand of God and lay at His feet the offering of a broken spirit; let them begin to cry from the depths of their self-humiliation, "Create in me a clean heart, O God," and they will never afterward be able to tell you whether the language they used at that time was elegant or not.

When you hear one speak burning words, you may be quite certain of two things: First: he has lost sight of self, he has hidden away in Christ and cares for nothing but the glory of his Lord. Second; in him is the hiding of God's power. Filled with the Spirit, he has received the fulfillment of the promise, "Ye shall receive power after the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto Me." They speak because silence is an utter impossibility. When

one is filled with the Holy Ghost, he *must* tell of it; the fire within will burn its way out, unless it is smothered; and if it is smothered, it will die.

I have known persons who were too timid to speak in honor of the Master whom they loved; I have known them to struggle against their timidity, and heard them say they *could not* overcome it, yet when the Holy Spirit descended upon them in power, they could not be silent; so, if they were always under its control, they would always have something to say in honor of their King.

A friend of mine hesitated long in seeking the blessing of entire sanctification because she shrank from confessing it. At last she yielded. I heard one who had urged her to make the surrender, ask if she told those about her when she received the blessing, and she exclaimed: "Did I tell of it? Why, how could I help it? I *had* to tell it." And when asked if she was not troubled by the thought that they might think she was boasting, she answered, it mattered little what they thought of her, she must let them know how wonderfully Jesus could save.

One characteristic of these burning words, is their positiveness. The Master said: "We speak that *we do know;*" and each of His followers has the same privilege. One may study a subject long and carefully, and yet, because he is fallible in judgment, he may be mistaken in his conclusions; but when the Holy Ghost reveals a truth, and applies it, so that it becomes part of the soul's experience, there can be no mistake about it. Hence God's saved ones tell of His dealings with them in words that have no uncertain sound.

Many times the one who speaks these burning words is unconscious at the time of the mighty influence they are exerting on their hearer. A dear young girl wrote me of a visit she paid a sick man. She said she was tempted not to go at first, for she had been told that he swore at every one who spoke to him on the subject of religion; however, being confident of the Spirit's leading, she visited him several times. One evening she intended calling, but when the time came shrank from doing so, because she seemed to have nothing to say to him, yet, trusting in the Lord God of

Israel, she went. While talking to him she seemed to have no feeling, only she knew the Saviour's words came to her mind with lightning rapidity, but, all at once, she noticed that the lady who had accompanied her, was weeping, and the sick man seemed greatly moved, and before they left professed conversion. He has since passed away from earth, trusting in Jesus.

I had another young friend, who, in common with the other members of her Church, mourned because of the languishing of their Zion, until she could endure it no longer. Then, in the night season, all alone, she wrestled with God until He showed her the cause of its lack of prosperity.

The next evening, in the prayer-meeting, one after another expressed regret at the state of things, and said they were utterly unable to understand why it was so. The Spirit whispered to her "*You know; tell them.*" Ah! she had not counted on any thing like that, when she bowed before the Father, in agony of soul, the night previous. Her cry had been, "Lord, is it I?" and when He answered her with soothing words of

comfort, it had changed to the plea "Then what is it, Lord?" and He had not kept it from her; but she had never expected to tell it to another, as the Spirit now urged her to do.

Then came the struggle. The adversary said, "It will appear just as if you were trying to teach your superiors; that will hurt the cause more than your silence possibly could." Still the Spirit urged her to speak. The tempter again whispered, "You will only make yourself conspicuous, and what you say will have no weight with those who are so much wiser than yourself." But she said "I *must* obey the voice of the Lord, my God," and with one swift cry to Him that she might not mistake His leading, and that He would take care of the consequences, and make it result in glory to His name, even though reproach came to her, she arose, delivered the message, and sat down with burning cheeks.

But the pastor, quick to take advantage of the situation, followed with an earnest, stirring appeal to the people, and then came a season of prayer, and such humbling of souls before the

Lord, as was then seen, had not been witnessed in that place for many a day.

At the close of the service, one said to her, (perhaps unwisely), "If I could speak as easily as you do, and with such effect, I would speak whenever opportunity afforded; you always do talk good, but to-night you went entirely beyond yourself." "To-night!" exclaimed my friend, "why, I was never so tried over any thing in my life before." Truly she did go entirely beyond herself, for if self had been in her way, she would never have given the message at all. One may be fearfully tempted at such a time and yet, through it all, there is a knowledge of divine approval, and of fellowship and sympathy with Christ in temptation, that can be known only to those who have experienced it.

Thus saith the Lord: "For as the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater:

"So shall my word be that goeth forth out of

my mouth ; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

He has told us how we may be as His mouth to speak forth His words — these words that are to accomplish such wonders in the earth. May He help us to avail ourselves of this glorious privilege He offers us.

DELIVERANCE.

"Because he hath set his love upon Me, therefore will I deliver him."

BECAUSE he hath set his love upon Me, and not on the vain things of earth; on worldly pleasures, or honors, or fame. There may be a kind of happiness in these things, but the best joys they afford, even if they were not so fleeting, are not worthy to be compared to the joy of the Lord, the Christian's strength.

Because he has set his love upon *Me*, on the King Himself, and not on His good gifts. It is right for us to love God's gifts, we ought to prize them very highly, but it is not well for us to *set* our love upon them, for He may find it best to take them from us, and then if our affections were clinging to them, instead of to the giver, we might be unwilling to let them go. It would be

a shame to break with Him over His own gifts to us.

Because he hath set his love upon Me. I used to read the words "For I the Lord thy God am a jealous God," and wonder how that could be, when He has so plainly told us that for a man to seek his own glory is not glory. I knew He was absolutely holy, I could not think He was ambitious to receive honor and praise from men, it seemed so unlike what I had learned of His character, and whenever the subject came up before my mind, I would dismiss it at once: I *would not* think about it. But since I have come to know Him better (for the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him) I think I understand it. I believe we have a right to make reverent inquiry concerning the character of our God, that we may adore its matchless perfections. I see now that it is His desire for our happiness that makes Him a jealous God; it is because He sees that our only safety is in setting our love on Him, and Him alone.

When we can say truthfully, "All my springs

are in Thee," we begin to live a life that is really worth living.

Because he hath set his love upon Me. This love that fixes itself, in all its intensity, on God, has nothing narrow, nor cramped, nor selfish about it. It fills the soul, and then overflows and spreads out until it takes in not only those who are of the household of faith, but all humanity. And there are no others upon earth who love their friends so dearly as those who are willing to forsake them, at a moment's warning, if necessary, in order to follow Him on whom they have set their love.

There is no perhaps in God's promises. They are not sometimes yea, and sometimes nay, but every one of them is yea and amen in Christ Jesus. He says He will deliver those who set their love upon Him, and He will certainly do it. Then, being confident of this, the question naturally arises, from what will He deliver us? We are taught to pray "Deliver us from evil." Sin in the soul is the greatest of all evils, and so, on the strength of this promise, we may expect de-

liverance from it. We are told to reckon ourselves dead indeed unto sin, but we must be sure first that its power within us is broken, that we *are* dead to it, else our reckoning will be a false one.

One promise of such deliverance is certainly enough for us to venture our all upon, yet God, in His great love for us, has placed them all through the Bible, from Genesis to Revelation. The words "Sin shall not have dominion over you," are peculiarly precious to me.

There is deliverance for us in the hour of temptation, too. But perhaps one will say, "If we are dead to sin, can we be tempted?" Certainly we can. Do you think the evil desires and passions that have been cast out of a soul never seek to reinstate themselves in their old place again? And then our blessed Lord, who had *never* sinned, was tempted, and the servant is not greater than his Master. He "suffered being tempted," and so must we; but we need not be disheartened at this, for He triumphed, and we shall, too, if we trust Him.

Victory in every trying hour is part of our inheritance. Jesus purchased it for us, and we have a right to claim it in His name. He wants His followers to be men and women of victory. I think I shall never forget how, in the hour of sore temptation, I opened my Bible to look for help, and read these words: "Truly my soul waiteth upon God: from Him cometh my salvation, He only is my rock and my salvation, He is my defense; I shall not be greatly moved."

Then the enemy whispered to me that David knew it was impossible to endure such severe conflicts without yielding a little, hence he said, "I shall not be *greatly* moved."

I had never noticed these verses before, but I was not satisfied with such testimony to God's keeping power. I thought if David was obliged to yield a little, one as weak as myself must undoubtedly yield a great deal; so I read on, hoping to find something firmer to rest upon. And I did find it. David went on to say, speaking to his enemies, "How long will ye imagine mischief against a man? Ye shall be slain *all of you*,"

and, after a little, as his confidence in God grew strong, he burst forth in the same expressions used at first, only omitting one word, and thus changing his song of doubt to one of victory: "He only is my rock and my salvation, He is my defense; *I shall not be moved.*" I had found the help I needed; I closed my Bible, trusted in God, and was kept.

"Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness.

"Behold all they that were incensed against thee shall be ashamed and confounded; they shall be as nothing; and they that strove with thee shall perish.

"Thou shalt seek them, and shalt not find them, even them that contended with thee; they that war against thee shall be as nothing, and as a thing of nought.

"For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee."

These words seem to encourage us to expect deliverance from the fear of our enemies, as well as from their power. Indeed the Bible tells us plainly that whoso hearkeneth unto Him, shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fear of evil. But let us not think this an excuse for carelessness. Let us be watchful *always*. "A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself; but the simple pass on, and are punished." Let us be numbered among the prudent ones, who, knowing the enemy is ever near, keep hidden away in Christ. "The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by Him; and the Lord shall cover him all the day long."

This freedom from the fear of evil gives wonderful rest to the soul; it puts an end to all worry, to all anxious thought about the future, and gives one the opportunity of settling down securely on the promise, "All things work together for good to them that love God."

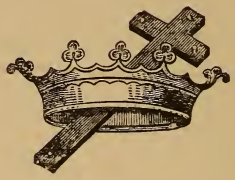
We have also the promise of deliverance from darkness; those who have set their love upon King Jesus are privileged to walk always in the

sunlight of His smile. Even if we are surrounded by darkness of the densest kind, the light of His countenance can penetrate it, and the eye of faith catch its radiance, too. "This, then, is the message which we have heard of Him, and declare unto you, that God is light, and in Him is *no darkness at all.*" We are invited to abide in Him, and, since He is light, to abide in Him and to abide in the light are one.

There is deliverance for us in the house of sorrow and bereavement. Even though we cry out with the Psalmist, "*All* thy waves and thy billows are gone over me," there is left us the blessed assurance that, after all, they are *God's* waves and billows; He holds them in His hand; He has said "When thou passeth through the waters, I will be with thee;" and His presence with us *is* deliverance.

So there is deliverance for us all through life, and even in the hour of death, and from the power of the grave. O, wonderful deliverance! But we must not set our love upon this. The Giver is better than the gift; the Deliverer more

worthy our affection than the deliverance. Let us give ourselves entirely to Him, that He may so bind us to Himself with cords of love, that it will be impossible for us to wander from Him; then He can work out, in and for us, this great deliverance.



GOD'S WORD.

"The words of the Lord are pure words: as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times."

GOD, our Father, has given to us a very strong proof of His kindly feeling toward us in the gift of His Holy Word. We ought to prize it highly, for it is a love gift. And surely it is a most wonderful book, so simple that any child can learn the way of salvation from it, and yet so full of rich, deep meaning that the wisest might study it for ages, and not bring to light one-half its treasures.

How precious are the promises it contains! and how secure! The saints in all ages have built their hopes upon them, and found them a sure foundation. And the commands are just as pre-

cious; indeed, to those who read them aright, they *are* promises. For instance, the command "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself," when read by the eye of faith, under the illumination of the Holy Spirit, is a promise that God will enable us thus to love.

Then how wonderful are the accounts of His dealings with His people in days of old, and how full of encouragement to us. "That which hath been is now." His power is the same as in former times. Did He keep Enoch from falling while he walked with Him three hundred years? Then He can uphold us. Did He enable Abraham so to trust Him that his faith was counted to him for righteousness, and he was called the friend of God? Then He will do the same for us. Daniel and the Hebrew children teach us blessed lessons; so do Paul and the beloved disciple. Surely we are compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses to His saving and keeping power, but we must study their history, and learn how they ob-

tained the victory, if we would profit by their example.

God's word is sure, we may safely rest upon it. One "thus saith the Lord" is worth more than all the opinions of all the learned men that ever existed. Then let us study the Word, not to criticize it, not to speculate about its meaning, but with a spirit of reverent inquiry, a desire to know what message our Father has recorded there *for us.*

We will never know the preciousness of the Bible, if we skim over its chapters lightly, just because it is our duty to read them. We must search it carefully, hide its truths in our hearts, and work them out in our experience, until they become our own, a part of our very being. Then we can say, "Thy words were found and I did eat them, and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart."

It is wonderful how scripture unfolds itself to us when we do thus work it out; how the deep things of God are revealed to us When we by faith have secured the fulfillment of one promise

in our hearts and lives, we immediately find another, the promise of some richer experience, and then one still beyond that, and so we are lifted higher and higher, quite into heaven. How often the same words seem to increase in depth of meaning as our experience deepens. How often a passage that conveyed but little meaning to us when we read it, comes back in our time of need, full of significance, laden with help and cheer. Dear reader, if you are neglecting your Bible for other books, you are defrauding yourself of one of the greatest privileges infinite love could provide for you.

We should be careful to study the Bible under the illumination of the Holy Spirit, and not trust to the light of intellect. The Spirit is the true interpreter of the Word. "He shall glorify Me," said our blessed Saviour, "for he shall receive of Mine, and shall show it unto you." "He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you."

A strong, symmetrical Christian character, and a life full of rest and happiness, are the inevitable

results of taking God at His word; but how can we do this, unless we are familiar with it? Let us be careful that we do not, through our own neglect, lose our rich inheritance. "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly."

THE WHITE STONE.

"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it."

I THINK, as a general thing, very little dependence should be placed in dreams, as some bad people have good dreams, and many good people have had very unpleasant ones; still I believe it is sometimes our Father's good pleasure to use them to impress upon our minds some important lesson He would have us learn, or to comfort us in sorrow. I have already written two that have been very encouraging to me, and hesitate before giving another; yet this one gave such help in a dark and trying hour, that I cannot refrain from telling it.

There was a time in my experience when circumstances seemed to conspire to make my path

a peculiarly unpleasant one, and the enemy, taking advantage of the situation, as is his custom, began to reason with me thus: "God is not dealing very kindly with you; He could have given you an easier path just as well as not. You have loved and trusted Him, and now, in your time of need, He does not send you relief." Then he told me to notice how differently He was dealing with a friend of mine, who, though a professing Christian, seemed to seek first her own ease and enjoyment, and then he dared to ask me if I considered Him an impartial God.

It was but a short time since I had found rest in Jesus, and I had not yet learned that the hardest experiences in the Christian life are usually the most strengthening. I could not answer the arguments the enemy kept repeating, over and over again, to me, but I could trust Him who died for me; still I made the great mistake of supposing that I ought to be able to vindicate His cause, and was troubled because I could not.

That night I had a dream. I believe my Father sent it to help me. I thought, in my dream, that

I was standing in a dark place — so *very* dark that I could almost *feel* the darkness; I had no idea where I was, and dared not take a step lest I should walk into some danger.

Pretty soon the lightning began to flash, and, by its light, I saw that I stood in a narrow pathway, hemmed in by rocks that rose on each side, far above my head. As the lightning glanced from peak to peak, I saw just before me, a dark, sullen-looking stream of water (every thing was dark in that terrible place.) In an instant I knew that I must cross it. Of course I had no idea of its depth; I tried to measure its breadth with my eyes, but the lightning flashes were so fitful—only lighting the place for an instant, and then leaving me in that dreadful darkness again — that I found it impossible to discern the opposite shore. O, how I shrank from stepping into those waters, and yet I was quite sure I *must* pass through them.

But while I stood there, shrinking and trembling, far off on the waters I saw the faint glimmering of a light. Nearer and nearer it came; it was a peculiar light; I have never seen any

thing like it; sometimes I think perhaps it was in appearance, something like that of our Saviour's garment at the time of His transfiguration, for it seemed to come from something that was white and glistening.

When it came near enough, I saw that it was the shining of a white stone, that floated along on the water, till it came to the shore just at my feet, and rested there. I was astonished at the sight of a large stone floating on the water, and became still more astonished when I saw a letter come out upon its surface, as if chiseled by some unseen hand, and then another, and another, until my whole name was graven there. Then, as I still gazed upon it, it became so exceeding bright that I could not endure the sight, and was obliged to turn away my eyes, and when I was able to look for it again, it was gone.

But how could I help understanding that God wanted me to have a Christian character as spotless as the pure, white stone, that He might, in the dark places of life, work out upon it, little by little, the new name promised to him that overcometh?

THE DIVINE ANOINTING.

"God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness."

I WONDER just how David felt after Samuel anointed him king over Israel, and then went away and left him to go right on, keeping his father's sheep? The hosts of Israel knew nothing about it; they recognized him only as the shepherd boy — the youngest of Jesse's large family of sons — but he knew that he was a king, for the anointing was on him. I imagine that little things that tried and troubled him before, had no power over him after that. When the hot summer sun beat down upon his head, when the sheep *would* stray away, and he became tired and dusty with the long, weary search after them, when he was obliged to fight with the lion and the bear that sought to destroy the flock, and when his brothers taunted him (as we learn they did) about keeping

the few sheep in the wilderness, I can almost see him lift his eyes toward Jerusalem, and hear him say: "Well, never mind; it is only for a little while, for the anointing is on me, and I am a king; I'll be patient, for God's promises are sure, and in His good time I shall go up to Jerusalem, and be recognized as ruler of the nation."

And I think it is about the same with God's people when He puts the Divine anointing — the baptism of the Holy Ghost — upon them. He doesn't often take His anointed ones right away from earth to sit with Him on His throne; He usually sends them right back to their accustomed place and work. Perhaps the place is an humble one, and the work hard and uninviting; they have thought, many times, that it was, of all places, the one they would never have chosen for themselves, but now every thing seems changed. Their surroundings are the same, but some way they do not fret them as they did before, for they seem lifted above them. What makes the difference? Why, the anointing is on them. And when the wearisome duties and trials of life

would drag them down to the earth, they lift their longing eyes to the New Jerusalem — the city of our God — and catch inspiration from the thought that, when life's journey is ended, they shall hear the Saviour say: "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you," and the joy and trust of that heavenly home will be all the sweeter for the thought of the heavy burdens they once bore, but have laid aside *forever*.

There are times when the thought of our heavenly home would fail to keep us patient and sweet-spirited. Heaven seems so far away, life's journey so long, and its crosses and burdens so heavy, but the anointing *never* fails us. Well may the Psalmist call it the oil of gladness, for it keeps the heart glad under all circumstances. It is like a well-spring of joy, ever springing up in our hearts, making us strong to do, and dare, and suffer for the Master.

David waited a long time, and had his faith and patience severely tested, before the kingdom really became his. But, at last, the glad day came, and he was proclaimed king. So, though to us the waiting

time may seem long, there will come a day of triumph — a day when all our trials, and sorrows, and death itself, shall be swallowed up in victory! "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Jesus said: "I go to prepare a place for you," and "I will come again and receive you unto myself." And we *know* that what He has promised, He is able to perform.

After David was crowned king, and went up to Jerusalem, he was obliged to drive out the heathen inhabitants, build his own palace, and set up his throne there. But when we reach our heavenly home, we will find all things ready for us, for our God has prepared for us a city. "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a house of God, a building not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." O, blessed assurance! We know not the glories of that wonderful abode; the inspired apostle has given us a word-picture of it, but just as we often find words too tame to describe the wonderful experiences of our souls under the influence of

the Divine anointing, he seemed to find them inadequate to describe what he beheld in his vision, but he told us "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water," and we who are fed by Him here, with the bread of life, and enjoy His leading, have some idea what that means.

David reigned over Israel forty years — seven years and six months in Hebron, and thirty-three years in Jerusalem — yet there came a time when his reign was over. Old age came upon him, and sickness, and then death came, and he was laid away to rest, while Israel mourned their fallen king. But *our* kingdom is an everlasting kingdom. We are anointed kings and priests unto our Lord, and we shall reign with Him, *for ever and ever.* When we have once passed through the pearly gates into the City, we shall never, *never* be banished from it again. Old age, and sickness, and death cannot reach us there; sorrow and sighing shall flee away. We shall enjoy the society of our loved ones, without a thought of separation to mar that enjoyment.

"O heaven, sweet heaven!
Earth's fairest and best
Are gathered there,
In that home of the blest;
What hallowed communion!
What joy! What rest!
In the beautiful city of God!"

But every thing depends upon our having the Divine anointing upon us. No anointing, no kingdom; no anointing, no crown, no palms of victory, no right to the tree of life, no fellowship with the saints in light, no seeing the King in His beauty. And if we want this anointing, we must get it now. We have the promise that our bodies shall be changed at the resurrection, but no such promise is made in relation to the soul. We must have the anointing that gives victory over sin before death overtakes us, or our lives will end in sorrow and despair. Who will seek this wonderful anointing? Who will seek it NOW?

SOUL MUSIC.

"Making melody in your hearts unto the Lord."

HEAVEN'S joy bells in my soul,
Ringing, sweetly ringing;
Messages of rest and love,
To my spirit bringing;
God's own hand doth make them chime,
Keeps them ringing all the time;
O, their music is sublime,
Like the angels' singing.

Joy bells ring within my soul,
When my path is pleasant;
Jesus has in His control,
Future, past and present;
If He leads where flowers spring,
Skies are blue, and glad birds sing,
Why should not the joy bells ring,
For a life so pleasant?

Joy bells ringing all the time,
  Adverse winds about me,
Only make them sweeter chime;
  Storms are all without me,
In my soul 'tis *always* light,
Christ's own presence makes it bright,
Where He dwells is never night,
    Though 'tis dark about me.

Joy bells ring when o'er my path
  Fierce temptations hover;
For, with His almighty hand,
  Christ my head doth cover;
And He whispers "In thy soul
Sin shall *never* have control;
I, who cleansed, will keep thee whole,
    Only trust me ever."

Happy, happy, golden bells,
  Never cease your ringing;
When I reach the heavenly hills,
  Hear the ransomed singing,
I shall find your song the same;
To the Lamb that once was slain,
To the dear Redeemer's name,
    Endless praises bringing.

BV
4837

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 019 971 920 8